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Breezes

W.S.W.

Graduation Number



Vox Discipulorum

DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
WINNIPEG

JUNE, 1929

Grade 11

Grade 12 Sept. 1929 - June 1930



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D.M.C.I. BREEZES

Published by the Pupils of the
DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGiate INSTITUTE

JUNE, 1929

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GRADUATION MESSAGE

The Editor-in-Chief has kindly requested me to write a message for this Graduation Number of the "Breezes." It will be brief but none the less sincere. Another school year is near its close. In spite of the fact that we were a month late in opening, all school activities appear to have been carried on in nearly normal fashion. The literary, musical, athletic and social events were a credit to all concerned. I take this opportunity of thanking the staff and students for their loyal support. The spirit of co-operation and fair-play has been in evidence at all times. The Student Councils and class officers have performed their duties in a most commendable manner.

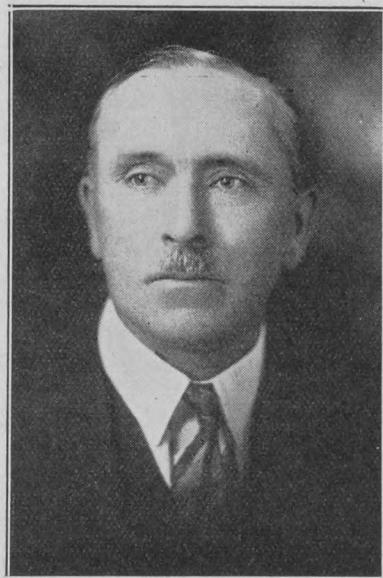
It only remains for me to express the hope that the efforts put forth will be found to have produced permanent results of the right sort. May those who leave our halls this year know of a surety that it was good for them to have been students of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute. May those who plan to return at the opening of another term come back able and willing to do better than ever. To one and all I extend best wishes for a pleasant and beneficial vacation.

—A. C. Campbell.

CLOSING EXERCISES, JUNE 14th, 1929

Despite their proximity to examinations, the valedictory exercises are eagerly anticipated by the various classes. The programme promises to be a most interesting one. Mr. Campbell will occupy the chair. Dr. Dafoe, editor-in-chief of the Free Press, has kindly consented to address the graduating classes, while Dr. Daniel McIntyre will present the Governor-General's medal.

On behalf of Grade Eleven, Margaret Norrie and George Clancy will receive the Grade Twelve token from Pauline Johnson and John Ridge. The Grade Eleven emblem will be passed on, in turn, by Kathleen Todd and Creighton Gibson, to representatives of Grade Ten, Evelyn Hermiston and Jack Easterbrook. The sport trophies won throughout the year will be presented by Mr. Best to the respective win-



ners. The musical part of the programme will be rendered under the capable leadership of Miss Kinley.

In the evening, following the custom of former years, the Seniors will hold their farewell dance.

—H.M.

The staff of the "Breezes" take this opportunity of extending to Mr. Mountford sincerest thanks for his work in connection with photographing the sport groups. Mr. Mountford's generosity and efforts in this department are largely responsible for the number of sport pictures this edition contains. We are sure, therefore, that we express the sentiment of the whole school when we say we are deeply grateful to Mr. Mountford for his kindness.

EXCHANGES

We are glad to acknowledge the following, lately received:

"L.C.C.I. Review," London, Ont.—You may well be proud of your paper. Your short, forceful editorials and articles display real journalistic skill. Variety of material reveals the support which your paper received from the school.

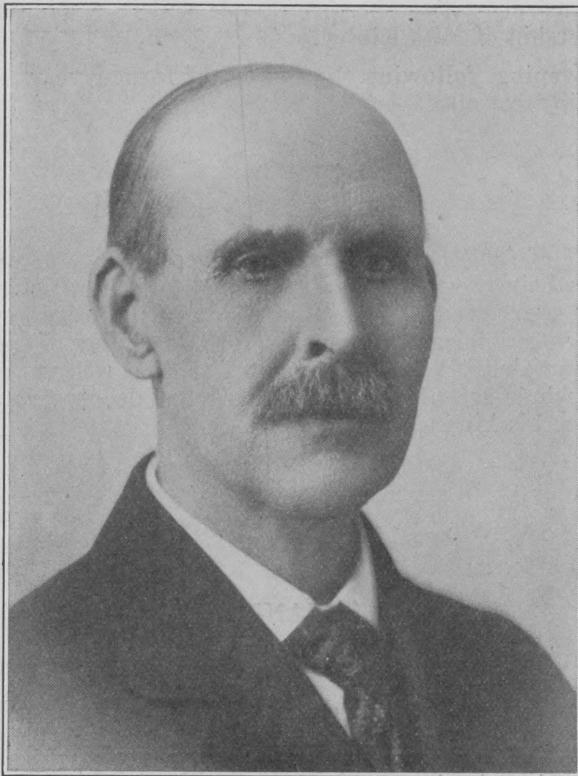
"K," Kelvin Technical High School, Toronto—A most interesting Year Book. The results of your short story and poetry competitions are excellent. The illustrations of Shelley's "The Cloud," are cleverly done.

"The Magnet," Jarvis Street Collegiate, Toronto—An excellent magazine, very well arranged. Like very much your "Le Department Francais" and Exchange Department; found Eric Gaskell's "A Ramble Into Yesterday" very interesting.

"The Vulcan," Central Technical School, Toronto—A very good magazine. Your short stories and cartoons are excellent.

"Eastern Echo"—Congratulations! A most excellent beginning. Your literary departments are well worked out, but would advise an expansion in your "Humor" section.

"Collegiate," Sarnia—An excellent magazine. All your departments are well worked out, and are interesting from beginning to end. Enjoyed your column "Hoo's, Hoo," and your French and Literary Sections were also quite enjoyable.



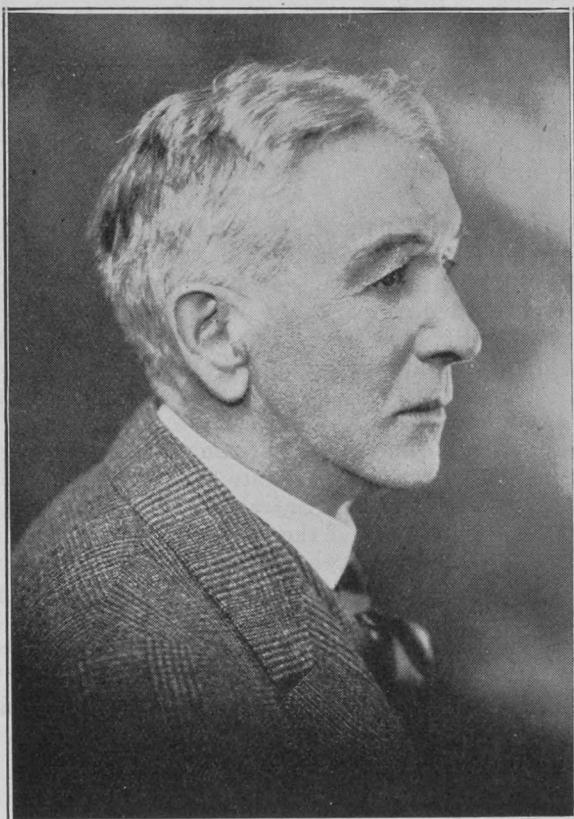
DR. DANIEL McINTYRE

The past year has witnessed the retirement from active service of Dr. Daniel McIntyre, superintendent of the Winnipeg public schools. As our school has been given the honour of perpetuating his name, this change has been of considerable interest to the Collegiate.

Like many other notable men, Dr. McIntyre received his early education in a rural school in New Brunswick. Later he entered the teaching profession and after several years of this work he became superintendent of St. John's College. Shortly after Confederation, however, Dr. McIntyre responded to the call of the West.

In the year 1883, Dr. McIntyre was appointed to the Winnipeg school staff. Two years later he became inspector of the Protestant schools. In 1891 the Public School Board appointed Dr. McIntyre superintendent of the city schools. During all the years he has acted in that capacity, he has been the central figure of that movement which has resulted in the erection and maintenance of the many beautiful schools now existing.

—Ila MacCallum, Room 58.



MAJOR DUNCAN

We take great pride in the fact that Dr. Duncan, our new superintendent, was closely associated with the early days of the Collegiate. We extend to Dr. Duncan our hearty congratulations on his appointment, and wish him every success in his new position.

A VIGNETTE

Elusive winds,
Earthly smells,
Color, where encouraging showers
Have lured forth Nature,
Shy, hesitating, uncertain—
The blue mantle of the sky
Edged with fleecy cloudlings—
Spring!

THE DANIEL McINTYRE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

To be a student of the second oldest school in Western Canada and of a Collegiate which has grown so steadily in strength and numbers, merits the pride we feel in the Daniel McIntyre. To appreciate its growth and achievements, however, we should know something of its history, so we are presenting here a short account of its origin and expansion.

Seven pupils, a principal, Mr. J. A. Fawcett, and the cold upper rooms of the School Board offices, comprised the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute in 1882. Despite the lack of equipment and the intense cold, the enterprise succeeded remarkably well. Consequently, the class, which then numbered twelve, began its career as a wanderer by moving to Central School, Bannatyne Avenue, in 1883. We are proud to say that of this first class many achieved success and became staunch citizens of Canada.

The years rolled by, the classes became larger, until, eventually, a journal appeared. In 1890 the Collegiate Literary Society produced the first edition of our renowned "Breezes," whose editor, Mr. Charles Sugden, declared: "The work of the 'Breezes' is to keep things moving and to preserve a healthy atmosphere." It is our sincere hope that this work will be carried on by classes which follow that our "paper" may become more perfected each year.

Two years after this event the Collegiate was at last given a "local habitation and the name, Winnipeg Collegiate Institute." This new building was well equipped with a laboratory, a gymnasium, and an electric bell! To improve its halls, pictures and statuary were gradually added, until the time came for another change.

In 1917 the whole Institute took up its abode in the Isaac Brock School, under the able leadership of Mr. Garrett. At once the pupils commenced to add to their laurels by winning honors both in sports and academic activities. For the first time, in 1918, the "maroon and white" floated above the Kelvin and St. John's colors at Field Day; the enthusiasm aroused carried the scholars through their toil for the remainder of the year.

In 1920 another change took place—this time in principals, for Major Newcombe, who had held the position of superintendent of education, now took charge of the Winnipeg Collegiate. By this time the Institute had grown weary of wandering and desired a permanent home in which to build up a worthy heritage. Thus, two years later, the Collegiate was finally established in the present building, which bears the name of our esteemed Dr. Daniel McIntyre.

After Major Newcombe's resignation in 1924, the Collegiate was fortunate enough to gain Mr. A. C. Campbell as principal. Mr. Campbell, who had previously held positions as inspector of schools and as principal of St. John's Technical High School, at once put into practice the excellent ideas which he had formed during his years of experience. Soon after his acceptance of this position, the system of councils, which

has proved so successful, was inaugurated. Then, too, in place of the well-known concerts, an opera was presented as a more novel feature.

The Daniel McIntyre has become well known for its ability in the different phases of school life; and though we have not been exceptionally outstanding in our academic work, we have retained a high standard. May the Daniel McIntyre increase in strength and in unity through the years, maintaining high ideals and endeavoring always to "play the game."

—Ella Finlayson, 58.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL

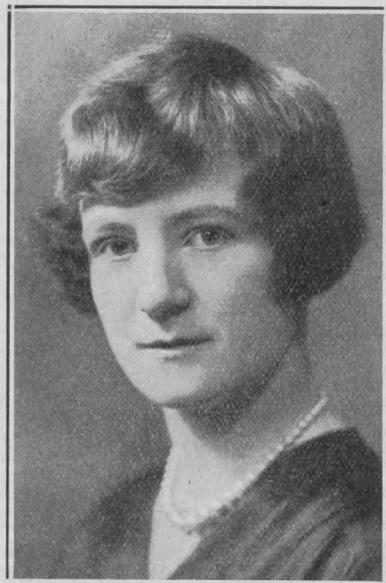
The students offer their most sincere congratulations to Helen MacLennan, who will have the honor of receiving the Governor-General's medal for the year 1927-28.

Helen came to the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate from the Greenway School with a record of which anyone might be proud, graduating first in her class. Then, during her two years at the Daniel McIntyre, she has shown a keen interest in all school activities. As sports captain of the girls of Room 52, in 1926-27, and of Room 56, in 1927-28, she proved her ability in leadership. As a member of the cast of H.M.S. Pinafore, and the Senior Glee Club, she has also shown a great interest in music. And, last, but not least, Helen has always kept her academic work up to the high standard she set for herself in previous grades. Last year she came within a few points of winning a scholarship. The teachers were unanimous in choosing Helen as the recipient of the Governor-General's medal, and her classmates heartily endorse their choice.

We wish Helen the best of luck for the future and feel sure that in whatever she chooses as her life work, she will uphold the honor of the school.

Our congratulations go also to Herman Johnson, who won the second place in the Grade XI examinations in the Province for the year 1927-28. Herman is now continuing his studies very successfully at the University and this year has again shown his mettle by winning an Ibsister Scholarship.

Of great interest to all is the announcement that our former, and most efficient Editor-in-Chief, Cherry Crawford, is now pursuing a



course in English at Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, where he hopes to obtain an honors degree.

Christine Hallgrimson, graduate of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, is now at the University in her second year, where she won one of the Sir James Aikins Scholarships in English, and also honorable mention in the Isbister Scholarship.

Earl Loadman and John Dunderdale, also graduates, each won an Isbister Scholarship in Arts and Science, Senior Honors Division, second year.

To these former students of the Daniel McIntyre we offer our congratulations and sincere good wishes for every success in the future.

THREE CHEERS FOR ROOM 19!!

Donald McTavish will be one of the four Boy Scouts representing Winnipeg at the Big Jamboree in England this fall. Bon voyage, Donald.

George Craig, of Room 58, came within a mark of winning a trip to the Big Jamboree with Donald.

Mervyn Sprung came first in his class for the Dominion in the recent Y.M.C.A. Hexathlon.

The staff of the Breezes wishes to take this opportunity of thanking its friends at the Normal for their hearty congratulations on the success of our year's activities, and for their kind wishes for our future enterprises.

Although space does not permit the publication in full of the greetings received from the Normal, the school heartily appreciates the interest shown by its former pupils in the various phases of its work.

STUDENT'S EXAMINATION DAY THOUGHTS

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Write, write, write,
On the blank, white sheet, O Gee!
I would that my brains could figure
The problem in front of me.

O well for the Varsity boys,
As they shout that exams are through!
O well for the brainy lads,
For they know how well they do!

But the awful work goes on
As we write on this hard exam,
And I sigh for an inspiration,
And long for a chance to cram.

But still I must write, write, write,
And fill many pages, O Gee!
But the wasted time of the days that are dead
Will never come back to me.

—Alex R. Binkley, Room 58.

SCHOOL ELECTIONS

"Gee, but I'm stiff! I guess these last few days have been a little too much for me; I'm not as young as I used to be." Here the statue paused to fix himself more comfortably in his place in the hall-corner, before proceeding with his review of the recent elections.

"I'll begin with the Seniors. Now, let me see, Gordon Cain and Alice Shanks from Room 58 are President and Secretary, aren't they? Well, well, I only hope that Grade XII won't be too proud to speak to the rest of us, now. I really think the Seniors showed pretty good judgment in their selection this year; and boys, you'd better watch your step next year; Daniel nearly had a girl president for 1928-29. Alice was close on Gordon's heels! Our President has strong support in the rest of the Council. May Kennedy, Room 55's candidate; Kathleen Haney, from 24; Mervyn Sprung, 19, and Bob Williamson, of 18, are a capable lot. Beauty and brains seem to go together in the Senior Council, don't you think?

"Now, for the Juniors. Just a minute. I've pins and needles in my left toe. Ah! that's better. They made a wise choice, too, and judging by the remarks I've heard, 'Everybody's happy now!' In the Presidential chair sits Eric Johnson, of 15. At his right is Secretary Eileen Boles, of 15. The other successful candidates are Audrey Dogget, Marian Vincent, Robert Bradshaw, and last, but not least, Chester Duncan. Let me tell you, with a Council like that the Juniors are sitting pretty!

Ho. Hum! Thinking is rather tiresome at times, but I just can't leave the Primaries out. What's that? A girl is President this time? Whoopee! That's showing them! Dorothy Young! Room 21 must be awfully proud of you! With your example ahead of us maybe we'll have a girl School President next year. Who knows? And so Ernest Hallett, from Room 49, graces the secretarial post! Well, he deserves it. He sure knows how to talk. Dear me, but it's hard to think when you're sleepy! But, oh, yes, Alice Anderson, Minnie Comfort, Alfonso Salvador and Gordon Smith showed their stuff when they made the Primary Council. They've got plenty of energy. That's a great step in the road to success—take it from one who knows.

"There now, I think that's all till next year. For once I'm going to sleep satisfied. But am I tired? And How!"

—V.B.-K.S.

"Have you amused your baby brother, Willie, and kept him quiet while I was gone?"

"Yes, ma, and he hasn't opened his mouth since you went away."

"What did you do to amuse him?"

"Gave him the mucilage bottle to suck."

"Is your daughter popular?"

"Popular! Why I can't park within three blocks of my house."



SENIOR COUNCIL

Back Row—B. Williamson, G. Cane (Pres.), M. Sprung.
Front Row—M. Kennedy, A. Shanks (Sec.), K. Haney.



JUNIOR COUNCIL

Left to right—Eric Johnston, Marion Vincent, Audrey Doggett, Bob Bradshaw.
Missing—Eileen Boles (Sec.), Chester Duncan.

THE SENIOR DEBATES

This year the interest in the debates was greater than ever, the attendance varying from seventy-five to over one hundred. At all the members of the Senior Council presided and the subjects were selected by the students. Two teachers and one pupil acted as judges. The leaders of the opposing sides were each allowed six minutes for their speeches; the second speakers five minutes, and three minutes were allowed for the rebuttals.

In all, there were six debates, in which twenty-two pupils took part. Many others, however, assisted in practice debates in the various classes. Rooms 19, 22, 55 and 56 reached the semi-finals. The winners were rooms 55 and 56. The subject of the final debate was "Resolved that the American colonies were justified in their rebellion against Great Britain in 1775." Svala-Palsson and Phyllis Paterson, representing room 56, took the affirmative. Percy Haynes and May Kennedy, from room 55, took the negative. Robert Williamson presided. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, room 56.

—Margaret Chapple, Room 56.



SENIOR DEBATERS

R. Scott, P. Patterson, S. Palsson, R. Hoole.

JUNIOR INTER-ROOM DEBATES

Debating has certainly gained favor with the student body. This fact was conclusively proven in the attendance at the recent Junior debates. With the debaters choosing their own subjects, their audience was certain of a most interesting half hour, and most of the debaters gave a good account of themselves in the time allotted to them. The debates were not without humor, and the listeners were assured of gaining knowledge, as well as a good laugh.

In the process of elimination, Rooms 7 and 12 succeeded in defeating all other competitors. A final debate on the subject, "Resolved that a twenty-mile an hour speed law for automobiles would be better for Winnipeg than the present law." was then held on April 30th, and was well presented by both sides. The affirmative side, which was supported by William Blanchard and Roberta Miller, of Room 12, gave strong arguments and deserve congratulations. The judges decided that Dorothy Coulter and Marjorie Hayward, of Room 7, upholding the

negative, had been successful in proving their point and granted them a unanimous decision. Room 7, therefore, took the Junior honors in debating for 1928 and 1929.

—Eric Johnson, Room 14.



JUNIOR DEBATERS

Back Row (left to right)—Ina Osborn, Nellie Sutton, Bertha Collard.
Front Row—Marjorie Hayward, Dorothy Coulter, Clara Drew.

ORATORICAL CONTEST, GRADE IX

An interesting event in the routine of the Primary classes was the introduction of the oratorical contests between the rooms.

Of the twenty-three participants, six reached the finals, namely: Minnie Comfort, Margaret Marr, Elsie Martin, Vera Perry, Frank Thorolfson and Bruce Moir. The subjects ranged from the ancient "Legend of the Holy Grail," to the more modern theme, "Aviation."

Frank Thorolfson won first place with his subject "The Origin of Music," thereby scoring a point for Room 51. Bruce Moir came second, his subject being "The Natural Resources of Canada." Margaret Marr, Elsie Martin, Vera Parry and Minnie Comfort were so close together that no decision could be made.

These contests will go a long way towards preparing the Primaries for the debates next term. Mr. Florence's efforts in organizing school debates and oratorical contests are much appreciated. We hope that contests such as these will become an established event in the life of Grade IX. A word must be said in thanks to Mr. Campbell, who allowed us to hold the final contest during school

hours; and to have as an audience, all the Primary grades. Miss Douglas, the school representative on the Primary Council, acted as chairman.



THE SENIOR DANCE

On the 22nd evening of February, our Seniors held a spree in the "old red school-house." The majority of the Seniors attended, and the rushing crowd was also augmented by the presence of some Juniors and outsiders.

The ladies placed their wraps in Rooms 55 and 56, and the Romeos, downstairs, awaited their Juliets, who were busily occupied in powdering their noses.



Music (?) was extracted from the various instruments by the "Commanders," whose efforts were greatly appreciated and highly satisfactory. As soon as the music began, a multitude of feminine volunteers swept down on the shy sheiks and taught them how to dance, without much success.

After several "contortions" a game was played, the object being to get members of the opposite sex to sign your card. Jack Easterbrooke, the notable Nanki-Po, was the winner, having persuaded the most maidens to autograph his card.

After eight "struggles," the famished mob rushed to get refreshments. The non-dancers, who were playing games in the erection shed, rushed, too, with the result that there was much pushing and heaving. Finally everyone was served, and a heavy silence, broken only by sighs of relief, spread over the music room and library, as maidens in distress slipped off their shoes when no one was looking.

As there was no more food, to the disappointment of some who had only one helping, volunteers from the "Mikado" sang.

After that every one was glad to dance again. Many did the "Salvation Two-step," in other words, danced on their heels to save their soles (souls).

At a quarter to twelve "God Save the King" was played, and with much groaning and limping, wraps were procured. Weak but sincere smiles flashed about, and everyone agreed they had an "elegant" time. A fleet of taxis awaited the contortionists, and many were the blessings poured on the heads of the thoughtful escorts who had sent for a conveyance to "see them home."

—F.M., 22.

JUNIOR HIKE AND DANCE

Lo and behold the prized hour, seven-thirty on the night of March first, in the year nineteen twenty-nine, to be exact, arriveth. Multitudes of students clad in bright-hued hiking garments throng the time-honored halls of this temple. 'Twas a festive occasion with Chinese lanterns and smiling, happy faces mingling with the maroon and white streamers which draped the walls and ceilings, lending color to an



already vivid scene. With such an inspiring background did the Junior Collegians revel at their annual hike and dance.

Ha, the time approacheth for yonder mob to sally forth into the region of twinkling snowflakes and gleaming shafts of moonlight and there to scale fences, railroad embankments, or to ford rivers, swim lakes, cross glaciers, yes, even to conquer any obstruction which might seek to bar the path to success, of this evening's party. But, stay a moment:—it seems yonder chappie, mounted on a soap-box, is beseeching the noisy children to give him silence while he spouts directions. As usual the lad hasn't a chance when talking against members of the female sex.

His faces strikes a chord of familiarity in my memory. I knew it. With his mouth closed he is a duplicate of one we all know well. He commands us follow yonder lad in disreputable attire, whom I also recognize—he is Robert Bradshaw, of Council fame.

We are off. Our leader takes us down the cowpath of by-gone years, but now Sargent Avenue. The marching formation, though not military, was companionable. The laughter, chatter and cheers of this hearty band drifted backward to those unfortunates who remained in the school building.

We arrived at the creek, when a number of students who are really explorers, but have had their talent suppressed, decided to explore lands unknown. Consequently, we had about fifteen different parties



going in fifteen different directions. However, after a painstaking search of the creek, ravines, hills and bear-traps, they were all rounded up and started off down the old wagon-trail, St. Matthews Avenue. Everyone stopped at the Minto Barracks and when all together, the crowd gave the school yell under the direction of Bob Bradshaw and Harrison Cassidy.

We were nearing the school and the odors of well-scorched food-stuff tickled the nostrils and the unusual happened, the Juniors hurried. For some obscure and unknown reason the boys arrived first at the lunch-room. Eric Johnston, the Junior President, is at the head of the line, insisting that he is there to keep order, but we suspect a deeper motive for his presence. As one went the rounds of the various refreshment rooms he would think he was in the Orpheum Theatre, judging by the juggling and balancing displayed.

After refreshments, the dance commenced. Music was furnished by the Commanders Light Six Orchestra, who also officiated at the Seniors' get-together. Alack and alas there are Juniors who cannot dance! Such a deplorable condition! We believed that it was only the Seniors who could not DANCE.

It has been said that "Time passeth with leaden feet," but time has been modernized and passed by on airplane wings. Promptly at 12 p.m. the music ceased. The party broke up. Students with motor vehicles loaded them up and set out to make "whoopee" in other parts of the city. The halls of the Collegiate were silent again. So did the Junior Hike and Dance pass into history, leaving behind it pleasant anticipation for the next one.

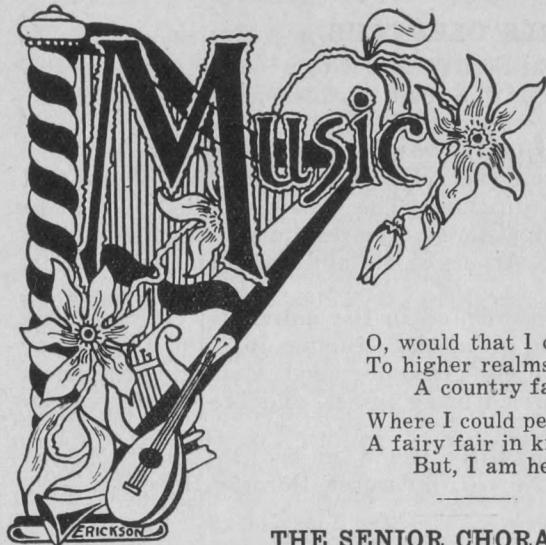


PRIMARY COUNCIL

Back Row (left to right)—Gordon Smith, Alfonso Salvador,
Ernest Hallet.
Bottom Row—Winnie Comfort, Dorothy Young, Alice Anderson.



The cast of "The Mikado," the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, produced by the Senior Choral Society of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, at the Isaac Brock School, last February.



WHITHER?

A Voice, a clarion in the sky,
Is calling me, I know not why,
"Come quickly, come and fly."

The Voice, an echo in the air,
Is luring me, I know not where;
I look, but I am here.

O, would that I could follow Thee
To higher realms of ecstasy,
A country fair;

Where I could peep behind a star,
A fairy fair in kingdoms far;
But, I am here.

—Helen Tuck, 56.

THE SENIOR CHORAL SOCIETY

We all feel that, as far as music is concerned, we have had a very successful and profitable year indeed. By "profitable" we do not mean mercenary profit alone, for we have gained a great deal intellectually by our musical study. The first triumph of the Senior Choral Society was the successful performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, "The Mikado," on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of February. Great ability was discovered in both the boys and the girls, which helped to make the annual opera a great success.

CAST.

Conductor—Miss Ethel Kinley

Nanki-Poo.....	Jack Easterbrooke
Ko-Ko.....	Dave Yeddeau
	Robert Scott
Pish-Tush.....	Alfred Johnston
Pooh-Bah.....	Bob Williamson
Mikado.....	Rene Hoole
	Wray Newman
Yum-Yum	Roberta Taylor
	Edna Chapman
Peep-Bo.....	Margaret Marsh
	Thora Olson
Pitti-Sing.....	Margaret Norrie
Katisha	Martha Setter
	Nadine Lush
Page.....	Bruce Moir
Accompanist	Jean Wildgoose
Dramatic Directors.....	Mr. Hoole
	Miss Hickson
Stage Director.....	Mr. Mountford

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

"The object of a Musical Festival is not to win a prize or defeat a rival but to pace each other on the road to excellenee."—Sir Walford Davies.

Our school has gone far on the road to excellence under the very able direction of Mrs. Ireland (nee Miss Armstrong) and Miss Ethel Kinley, our present musical director. The Glee Club this year, after hard work against keen competitors, succeeded in proving themselves worthy of the Sir James Cox Aikins Shield and the much-coveted Earl Grey Trophy.

Our school was well represented in the individual classes, solos, duets, and trios, both in the girls' class (under 16), and the Junior girls (16 and over). Many of our girls succeeded in entering the finals in their class, and many carried away prizes, and are worthy of the school's pride.

The officers of the Senior Girls' Glee Club are: President, Martha Setter; Secretary, Margaret Norrie; Treasurer, Dorothy Hilton.

SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Because there is no class for boys from Senior High Schools in the Annual Musical Festival, our boys were unable to show their talents. However, they certainly showed their ability as choristers in "The Mikado," and are to be complimented on their excellent work.

The officers of the Senior Boys' Glee Club are: President, Bob Williamson; Secretary, Wray Newman; Treasurer, Jack Easterbrooke.

D.M.C.I. ORCHESTRA

The Daniel McIntyre Orchestra, after many discouraging practices, finally broke the trail for itself into the Musical Festival. For the first time in the history of the Collegiate an orchestra entered this worthy competition.

When criticising this class the adjudicator paid our brass section a compliment. This section consists of a cornet played by Mervyn Sprung, and a trombone played by Bruce Laking.

The string section consists of three first violins played by Annie Metzak, Harry Abit, and Evelyn Irons; three second violins played by Gordon McLean, John Mowat, and Jean McAllister; and three third violins played by Valeria Karpetz, Margaret Steel, and Beatrice Deeks; and last, but not least, the viola was played by Norman Wilde, while the piano was played by Robert Brown.

A good beginning has been made this year. The orchestra will do better with a little more enthusiastic support from the students who have at some time studied a musical instrument.

The Daniel McIntyre Collegiate needs three times as many instruments to make an orchestra worthy of the school.

An augmented orchestra played at the opening and closing of

“The Mikado.” This orchestra contained about forty instruments, so surely, in a school of this size we ought to be given more support.

—G.M., Room 14.

THE MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra’s concert in Winnipeg on Tuesday, May 7th, certainly proved a splendid ending to the musical season of 1928-29. The Minneapolis men had the enterprise to venture and were fortunate enough to secure Emil Oberhoffer, who founded the orchestra, which has given Minneapolis a reputation as a city of art and music.

This year’s orchestra was led by Henri Verbrugghen. Winnipeg has drawn several times upon Minneapolis to supply the finest music in Western Canada, and it one time formed a partnership with the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, which in recent years has been silent.

Several thousand school children flocked to the Amphitheatre on the afternoon of May 7th, to hear the seventy Minneapolis musicians in their twenty-sixth season, produce an orchestral concert not equalled here for some time. The group of shouting and laughing children observed strict silence during the programme, enabling themselves and their elders to enjoy the concert thoroughly.

Great applause was tendered the orchestra at its appearance on the stage, but a “greater-to-do” was handed out to Henri Verbrugghen, the noted and well-known conductor.

“O Canada,” the usual opening number, went out on the air with the splendid accompaniment of the orchestra, who played it with zest and vigour, greatly appreciated by all Canadians present. Victor Herbert’s “March of the Toys,” from “Babes in Toyland,” was the first piece from a well selected programme. The instruments in the orchestra played with the same automatic, awkward precision as the toys in the opera, who came to life and marched around the room.

The world-wide popular overture from the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” followed, displaying the fairy-like atmosphere in Windsor Park at midnight.

The longest but most interesting part of the programme was the “Suite from the Ballet ‘Sylvia,’ ” by Leo Delibes. After a short prelude the piece binds into a slow graceful waltz and then the well-known “Pizzicati,” played by plucked strings. The final number, “The Followers of Bacchus,” in its fastastic march movement, seemed to keep everybody spellbound but for the tapping feet of the smaller students.

The fourth number, led by the harp, violin, zylophone, was the “Dance Macabre” (“Dance of Death”). The Hungarian national dance, “Czar’das,” served as a “Grand Finale,” to the orchestral programme, because of its slow “Lassen” and a rapid “Friska.” In all the concert proved an inspiration as well as an education to all.

A uniformed choir from the Alexandra, Laura Secord, Luxton, Mulvey, and Principal Sparling schools, under Mr. J. J. Wilkinson, provided the audience with two songs, “Dabbling in the Dew,” and

"The Sea Garden." So well did they sing and so greatly pleased was Henri Verbrugghen that he led the applause until they again sang the first piece. The National Anthem closed the programme, and to show their appreciation for the orchestra and its conductor, the choir sang one verse of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the American National Anthem.

The visit of the Minneapolis musicians again brings to mind the fact that Canada is still without a national orchestra. What Minneapolis as a city has been successful in doing for a quarter of a century, is surely possible for a nation like Canada.

—Frank McIntosh, 22.



SCHOOL COMPETITION ORCHESTRA

Back Row (left to right)—Gordon McLean, Robert Brown, Norman Wilde, John Mowat, Mervyn Sprung, Bruce Laking, Harry Abbit.

Front Row—Annie Metzack, Evelyn Ivens, Beatrice Deeks, Margaret Steele, Jean McAllister and Valeria Karpetz.



GLEE CLUB EXECUTIVE

Left to right—W. Newman, D. Hilton, M. Norrie, B. Williamson, E. Wildgoose, M. Setter, J. Easterbrook.



Literary

THE THRUSH

There's a sudden ripple of song
 That I hear down the woodland way,
 A tangle of silvery notes,
 A lilt of laughter gay.
 There's a strain that floats out afar
 O'er the deep of the shadowy dells,
 Where the wind rings an answer sweet
 From the jingling flower bells.

There's a sudden ripple of song,
 And the world seems made anew,
 And the flare of the wintry sun
 Streams out from a sky of blue,
 While the merry thrush pours out on high
 His wonderful wild sweet strain,
 With its dream of winter passing by
 And its promise of spring again.

—Margaret Chapple, Room 56.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Youth is the time of preparation for citizenship. Today the school society is regarded as a unit for the promotion of citizenship training. If the schools are to train the youth for citizenship, they must provide some opportunity for the boys and girls to practise the art of governing themselves, because Canada is supposed to be a self-governing nation.

In Manitoba there are many schools conducted as if they were fitting the youth for citizenship in an autocracy where the belief has been disseminated as "obedience to the will of an overlord." Autocracy and democracy will never unite to make a democratic form of government. One of the strongest arguments for pupil participation, is that it produces a higher type of citizenship in a democracy, by providing pupils with opportunities to follow democratic principles in their government.

Student government should result from the enthusiastic desire of

the pupils themselves. Such a system will thus foster the proper school spirit and develop the students' sense of honor and responsibility, at the same time showing the similarity of school experiences to those of later life. So long as there is an unwilling minority on the part of either teachers or pupils the project will not succeed. Successful student government depends on the co-operation of the pupils and teachers of the system, working together for a constructive programme which will provide an opportunity for all students to develop initiative—the ability to co-operate elsewhere—and to have proper respect for law.

Students councils make an excellent laboratory for teaching civics. The term "student council" as here used, presupposes a definite organization existing primarily to share in school administration. This also includes student participation in government—a tendency which is rapidly increasing in the majority of educational institutions, with apparently satisfactory results.

The interest exhibited in the student participation in government of our high school during the past year portrayed a greater degree of loyalty than probably never before witnessed. At the beginning of the school term each year, expedite arrangements, perpetuating the form of government have been analyzed. Under the guidance of the teachers and principal, councils were elected by the method advocated by our elders. The principal, of course, has veto power in any measure the councils undertake.

However, those responsible for the administration of schools no doubt realize the possibilities that school government affords for the boys and girls to become intelligent, democratic citizens. After all, the question which comes to every student is—what value is student government? At the present minute this country needs nothing so much as it needs thousands of well-informed men and women, who are anxious to see Canada fulfil her destiny as one of the richest and most powerful nations.

Thus it behooves every school to maintain a firm stand and to do everything in its power to support our Dominion, because the "whole" of anything is made up of individual parts and must be supported by them. The greatest good rendered by any student council is its propaganda movement—its aid in promoting activities and thus training pupils in leadership and responsibility, which is evidence of the development of self-confidence and self-assertion.

There is probably no better aid in interpreting and moulding school opinion than through the agency of student councils. Because of the trend of modern thought—because of the nature of our government, student government will continue to grow as the result of sincere spirit manifested.

—Margaret Junkin, Room 22.

Little Lucy—"Why do you put powder on your face, Aunty?"

Auntie—"To make me pretty, dear."

Lucy—"Then why doesn't it?"

PRIDE MUST HAVE ITS FALL

"Aw, Dad, for Pete's sake, can't you let a fellow have his chum visit him?" Thus pleaded Kit Arden, seriousness wrinkling his handsome young face.

"My son," came the gruff response from the famous millionaire, "will you stop this foolishness? Keep in mind, lad, that you come from the famous Arden family."

With a look of disgust, Kit threw himself into a chair, rumpling his dark hair, and settling down to listen to a "lecture."

"Remember, son," continued his father, "you have the family name to keep. Imagine! A boy of your wealth and breeding chumming around with a poor, good-for-nothing, who is working his way through college."

Kit's face flushed with anger, and springing from his chair, he almost shouted at his father: "Father! You can't speak of my chum that way! Len's a great deal better than the boys of my 'set,' as you call them. They are idle, happy-go-lucky boys, while Len is a hard-working kid, who has had to slave ever since his mother and father died. They get through their exams by the end of their coat-tails, but Len gets results. Just because a person is poor, you think he is no good. I'm sick of this high-hatting business! Tomorrow I'll be twenty-one, and if Len isn't allowed to come to the dinner you're giving, I'm leaving!"

Mr. Arden looked up in amazement. His son had never acted in this manner before. Secretly he admired the boy's spirit, but as he thought of the poorer classes, his anger grew. The only poor people with whom he had come in contact were the men in his factories. He had visited his shops once at noon, and had found groups of greasy, dirty men, eating onion sandwiches, and using poor grammar and profanity. He forgot that these men were helping him acquire his millions, and that many of them had higher morals than his wine-drinking, cigarette-smoking men.

"My boy, you are exicted," he said, as Kit slumped back into his chair, head in his hands. "Drop your friend. Let him chum around with boys of his own class!"

Again resentment stirred in the boy's face.

"Class! Class! That's all you think about. Len's as good as I am—better! He is working his way through college; I'm having my path of labours paved for me. Again I tell you—and I was never more serious—that if Len isn't at that dinner, I'm leaving, and I'll work my way through, too. Then I'll be in the same class, as you call it, that Len is in."

"Well, do what you please! This Len is not coming! I have sent all the invitations I intend to, and I am going to issue special instructions to the servants, that no young man is to enter this house tomorrow without an invitation card."

Kit rushed from the room, giving the door a good slam, which did not lessen his anger (or his father's either). He stamped upstairs,

thumping as loud as he could. Slamming his bedroom door, he threw himself on his bed and tried to figure things out. What could he do? He knew that if Len met his father, everything would be fine. Len was liked by all, and was always the centre of attraction. Anything Len did, was done in turn by the "freshies," for the seniors were too haughty and proud to follow anyone's lead. If he could only think of some way to get Len into the house. Finally he gave up in despair, and got himself ready for bed.

In the middle of the night Kit woke up to find the rain coming in his open window. Jumping out of bed, he pulled it down, feeling none the dryer. As he stood there in the darkness, with the pitter-patter of the rain in his ears, he thought of Len—poor Len, who would have to get up at six and feed the enormous mouths of the school furnaces. Suddenly an idea came to him, and it received as royal a welcome as a ship would have received from a shipwrecked sailor.

Kit felt he couldn't keep his secret, and pulling on a bathrobe and slippers, he crept into his mother's room. Timidly he woke her, and told her his plan. Mrs. Arden was enthusiastic, and although she felt she would be deceiving her husband, she agreed to play her part.

The next morning brought Kit downstairs with a sunny face, which he immediately altered to a sullen one on entering the dining room.

"Well, son how are you? You should look happy on your twenty-first birthday."

"Yes I should, but I'm not, Pater; for the last time, are you letting Len come tonight?"

"No!"

"All right," Kit murmured. "Pride must have its fall."

As it was Saturday, Kit made straight for Len's room in a cheap boarding-house, and told the boy his plan.

"Why, Kit! I had no idea your father didn't want me in your home," Len declared.

"Well, old pal," Kit blushed and looked down, "Dad has queer notions, and I want you to change them. Are you going to help me?"

"Sure thing, partner," Len agreed.

Accordingly two happy boys visited several shops and then returned to Len's room.

"It's up to you now, Len," Kit said, and seeing that everything was ready, he left. Down the street he went, hands in pocket, shoulders thrown back and whistling.

At lunch Kit's face had again that gloomy, sullen look. The meal began in silence and would have probably continued in silence, had not the dining room door suddenly burst open, and an old man hobbled in. His shoulders were stooped, his face wrinkled, his hair grey.

"Mr. Arden, you are a thief! You've stolen my shares in your company. I demand——"

His shrill voice was interrupted by the thundering tones of Mr. Arden.

"Put the man out, he's crazy!"

The old man fainted, and Kit rushed forward and tried to raise him.

"Oh, Tom, you can't put him into the street," Mrs. Arden spoke.

"No, I suppose not," with a flushed face. "You had better carry him upstairs."

Accordingly upstairs the man was carried.

At seven-thirty the guests began to arrive. Fair girls, fat girls, thin boys, dark boys, but all with invitations.

As the dancing and games progressed, Mr. Arden kept his eyes on one boy. He was dark, like Kit, and carried himself with the straight, erect posture of a good athlete. No matter what was done he was the centre of the group.

By the time the guests had gone, the house was in a turmoil and Mr. and Mrs. Arden were "wrecks." Kit sat in his chair, his hair rumpled and a twinkle in his clear eyes.

"Well, that's over!" Mr. Arden finally gasped. "Kit, who was that dark fellow, the boys and girls followed all the time?"

Kit waited until his father had lighted a cigar.

"Well, pater, I might as well break the news. That was Len." He laughed as his father opened his mouth in astonishment. "Yup," he continued, thoroughly enjoying himself. "That's my old pal, Len. You told the servants not to let in a 'young man,' so we fixed Len up, and he sure played his part well. Mother had an awful time taking off his make-up this afternoon."

Mr. Arden looked at his wife, and suddenly burst out with a hearty laugh, which was re-echoed from the hall, and in walked Len.

"Well, I'm glad to meet you, Len," admitted Mr. Arden.

"So am I, sir," Len declared, and Kit grinning impishly, added: "So am I. Come on, Len, let's go to bed."

And to bed they went. —Florence McLeod, Room 56.

SPRING

A warm south wind is blowing
Through the budding trees;
And far out in the distance
Can be heard the hum of bees.

The first buds of the season
Are the pussywillows gay,
Decking trees like fairies
In the cheery month of May.

The river banks are flooded;
The ice goes tumbling down;
The Assiniboine so happy is
To shed her cold white gown.

This is the year's awakening
Of gratefulness that sweep
Rousing in us new streams
From her long cold winter's sleep;

Unto the Giver of the Spring,
With its sunshine, wind and rain,
That drives away our cares,
And makes us glad again.

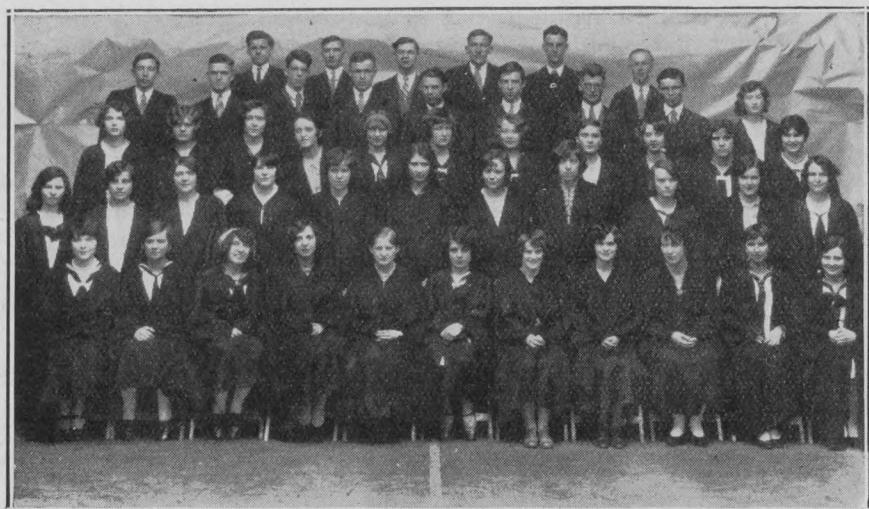
Rhoda Lander, Room 61.

Graduating Classes

AN IDEAL SCHOOL

Let me go to a school, wherever it be,
 Where a life of all ease I may find;
 Where history is banished, and French is left out,
 And my text-books I may leave behind.
 Let me find in that school, no terrible rooms,
 Where we ignorant may be detained;
 No worrisome office to which one is sent,
 And where late passes may be obtained.
 A school where Latin to me may be Greek,
 Where my homework will not me unnerve;
 Where in intervals long between classes so few,
 A sumptuous light lunch they will serve.
 Let me go to that school, wherever it be,
 As long as it is far, far, from this.
 I'll have six months' vacation just twice in each year,
 To the teachers I leave, 'twill be bliss.

—M.H., 58.



ROOM 58, GRADE XII

Back Row—Norman Wilde, William Quilliams, Stanley Boulter, Gordon Cain, Stewart Crerar, George Craig.
 Fourth Row—Mac. Malcolm, James Agnew, John Ridge, Clifford Wood, Sam Gerlovin, Morley Coleman, John Barnacal, Alzy Binkley, Jean Cranston.
 Third Row—Betty Sawyer, Phyllis Loutitt, Isabel Craig, Margaret Bowser, Eleanor Bradburn, Helen Maclennan, Violet McLaren, Eleanor Thomas, Beatrice Quilliams, Grace Roberts, Wilda Crerar.
 Second Row—Ella Finlayson, Annie Metzak, Beth Douglas, Helen Couch, Kathleen Main, Gladys Horton, Nora Johnston, Jean Johnston, Ila MacCallum, Maude Rogers, Jean Campbell.
 Front Row—Mayme Dewar, May Johnson, Margaret Hill, Alice Shanks, Marjorie Nicholson, Kathleen Macaulay, Beatrice Ludwickson, Pauline Johnson, Marguerite Ross, Margaret Perley, Margaret Marsh.
 Missing—Stella Waite, Robert Alexander.

ROOM 58**Last Will and Testament**

This is the last will and testament of the pupils of 1928-29 of Room Fifty-eight, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, in the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

We do hereby extend to our successors the perseverance and genius (?) which has marked us as an outstanding Grade XII.

We also donate the few prized possessions of the room, which, though carved with initials and appropriate drawings, are nevertheless "none the worse for use."

We give and bequeath to those who follow us the oratory of Isabel Craig, whose voluptuous and sonorous voice has characterized her as a successful debater.

We bequeath to Martha Setter the musical genius and accomplishments of Margaret Marsh.

To Billy Quayle and Lloyd Hilton we do solemnly bequeath the idiosyncrasies and ludicrous, droll actions and noises of Stuart Crerar.

To Florence McLeod and Corny De Fehr we leave the intellect and ability of Helen MacLennan and Margaret Hill.

To Theresa Diner and Olivia Breckman we do hereby bequeath the athletic virtues and success of Marguerite Ross.

We choose Wilmot Shepherd as an aspirant to John Ridge's extensive knowledge of chemical research.

The characteristics which unite to form John Barnacal's genius as a born mathematician we leave to Bob Bennett.

The skill and fervor of Margaret Bowser at sketching pictures and constructing "new seating plans," we bequeath to Bob Williamson, the Grade XI cartoonist.

We set as an example for the future president of Room 58, our own worthy class president, Jim Agnew, who has more than fulfilled the expectations of the class by his conscientious and loyal work.

To Mae Kennedy and Don Campbell we bequeath the popularity and competency of Alice Shanks, our secretary, and Gordon Cane, our school president.

To all those of our successors who especially belong to the Eatmore Club, we do solemnly bequeath for models and perfect examples the insatiable appetites of Wilda Crerar and Eleanor Bradburne.

Binkley's motto of "Better Late than Never," we donate to those of our successors who claim personal ownership of the revised motto.

"Late to bed, later to rise,
Gives plenty of sleep, but 'beaucoup de' sighs."

We pass on to our Grade XI followers the ardor and musical skill of Annie Metzak and Norman Wilde, both of whom enthusiastically took part in our school orchestra.

We leave to Gordon Ridge the power of Stella Waite, our star expicator, to extol famous family traditions and experiences.

We bequeath to our successors the exceptionally competent teach-

ers under whose leadership and discipline we have prospered morally, mentally and physically.

And last, but certainly not least, we leave to the future Grade XII the guidance and "truthful prophesies" of Miss Doupe, our esteemed and benevolent class teacher.

As sole executors of this will we appoint Mr. A. C. Campbell and Miss Doupe.

In witness whereof we have set our hand and seal this memorable day of June, A.D., 1929.

Grade XII, Room 58, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. Signed, Published and Declared, as and for the last will and testament of Room Fifty-eight, 1928-29, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, in the presence of us all, and we signed our names at witnesses in the presence of the testators and of each other, all present together at the same time.

—P.J., 58.



ROOM 56, GRADE XI A.

(Reading from left to right)

Back Row—Robert Bennett, Alex. Noble, Robert Scott (President), Alex. McKinnon (Sports Captain, Boys), Rene Hoole, Tom Walker, Robert Elliott, Raymond Keeble, Wilfred Lee-Worden, Stephen Thorson.

Third Row—Ethel Wallace, Svala Palsson, Patricia Paget, Ragna Johnson, Earl Lutes, Albert Malzan, Ronald Turnbull, Isabel Anderson, Jean Wildgoose, Jean Hinch.

Second Row—Stella Allan, Alice Caston, Helen Huntley-Tuck, Kae Erlendson, Martha Setter (Sports Captain, Girls), Ruth Galbraith, Adelpha Baldwin, Ruby Hutchinson, Gladys Fox, Mary Bone, Marjorie Leach.

Front Row—Grace Morgan, Florence MacLeod, Signy Stephenson, Doris Leaney, Beth Carpenter (Secretary), Mr. Florence, Nellie Leigh, Phyllis Paterson (Vice-President), Edna Chapman, Isabel McIntosh, Dorothy Wright.

Missing—C. Curle, D. Reid.

ROOM 56—GRADE XI A—SET TO MUSIC

Stella Allan.....	"I Want to be Loved by You."
Isobel Anderson	"My Pet."
Adelpha Baldwin.....	"I Want to me Where You Are."
Robert Benner	"Dear Little Boy of Mine."
Mary Bone	"That's Just My Way of Forgetting 'It'."
Beth Carpenter.....	"Ten Little Miles from Town."
Alice Caston.....	"Every Cloud has a Silver Lining."
Edna Chapman.....	"On Wings of Song."
Margaret Chapple	"No More Worrying."
Esther Curle.....	"Sugar Baby, I'm Leavin'."
Robert Elliott.....	"Among My Souvenirs."
Kae Erlendson.....	"La Donne-e Mobile."
Gladys Fox.....	"She's a Precious Little Thing."
Ruth Galbraith.....	"She Didn't Say 'No'."
Jean Hinch.....	"The Old Fashioned Locket."
Rene Hoole.....	"King for a Day."
Ruby Hutchinson.....	"Lonesome in the Moonlight."
Ragna Johnson.....	"Giggling Gertie."
Ray Keeble.....	"Laugh, Clown, Laugh."
Marjorie Leach.....	"Dainty Miss."
Doris Leany	"Fascinating Vamp."
Nellie Leigh	"Oh, Suzzannah.."
Earl Lutes.....	"Turkey in the Straw."
Florence MacLeod	"Angela Mia."
Albert Malzan	"Dusky Stevedore."
Alex McKinnon	"The Best Things in Life are Free."
Isobel McIntosh	"The Lass With a Delicate Air."
Grace Morgan.....	"What'll I Do."
Alex Noble.....	"Oh, Ya Ya."
Patricia Paget	"Alone and Yet Alive."
Svala Patsson.....	"Follow the Swallow."
Phyllis Paterson.....	"I'm a Little Prairie Flower."
David Reid.....	"Can't Help Likin' Dis Man."
Robert Scott.....	"Me and the Man in the Moon."
Martha Setter.....	"I'm Afraid of You."
Signy Stevenson.....	"You're a Real Sweetheart."
Stephen Thorson	"Humor-eske."
Helen Tuck.....	"Drifting and Dreaming."
Ronald Turnbull.....	"Red Hot Henry Brown."
Tom Walker.....	"What a Night for Spooning."
Ethel Wallace.....	"Don't Be Like That."
Jean Wildgoose	"Dizzy Fingers."
Wilfred Lee-Worden.....	"Asleep in the Deep."
Dorothy Wright.....	"Up in the Clouds."

MUSIC

As you may have observed, we have taken the musical route in introducing the class to you. The reason for this is evident when you consider that in "The Mikado" Room 56 was represented by such celebrities as: "The Mikado," Rene Hoole; "Ko-Ko," Robert Scott; "Yum Yum," Edna Chapman; "Katisha," Martha Setter; pianist, Jean Wildgoose.

Then, too, the girls of the room were largely responsible for the exquisite tones of the female chorus in "The Mikado" and the Musical Festival. In this same competition, the room had many entrants in the girls' solo, duet and trio classes, all of whom acquitted themselves favorably. Special mention must be made of Martha Setter, who won the contralto solo, and with outside assistance came first in the duets and second in the trios. Let us not forget either the three male song-birds of the room whose lusty voices were the backbone of the Mikado chorus.

DEBATES

In the inter-room debates Bob Scott and Rene Hoole won the first debate, thus allowing us to enter a team in the finals. The room chose Phyllis Paterson and Svala Palsson to defend the honors of Room 56. In a preliminary, in the room, two days previous to the final with Room 55, Ronald Turnbull and Bob Elliott met the two girls on the same subject, namely, "Resolved that the American Colonists were justified in their revolt against the British Government," and the judges were unbiased in deciding in favor of the boys. The girls, however, worked hard and in the intervening two days had a debate which received the unanimous support of the judges. Congratulations, girls.

PARTIES

Socially we have had two very successful parties. The first was a Skating Party at the Stadium, where we enjoyed the delightful strains of some of America's leading orchestras. Having expended no little energy in the pursuit of our pleasures, we returned to the home of Mrs. Galbraith, where we enjoyed ourselves immensely—also internally—and broke up shortly after midnight.

Our other party was also of first class order. Meeting at Deer Lodge, we crossed the river into City Park and tramped through it and returned along the river back to Mr. Florence's home. Once there, everyone made himself at home and after playing games, dancing and eating "weinies," we returned home indirectly—after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Florence for a most enjoyable evening.

SPORTS

This year has been a very successful one for girls' sports in the room, as they won the volley ball championship, but were unfortunate in losing a close game for the finals for the school basketball title. The boys, under Alex. McKinnon's leadership, have presented stiff opposition. But they have unfortunately usually come out on the small side of very close scores.

ACADEMIC

As far as academic work, Room 56 is looking forward to June 17th with mixed feelings of impatience and anticipation. Some of us wonder whether we can picture our seven dollars fee like a winged "C" or not; nevertheless, all of us are intending to do our best to maintain the honor of an XI "A" room. On leaving, we shall remember the good old times, and whenever we meet together in after-life, our first toast will be "Vive le Collegiate."

ROOM 55

While meandering through our spacious halls we come to Room 55, where we find a class of boys and girls. Of course, being a boy ourself, we will not talk about the girls. On first entering the room we meet the studious side of the class.

Why, look who is here—Doug Watson in person. He will make a good singer, for he sure has canary legs; then comes Gordon Ridge, the Phylloxera, philanderer and phool of the room.

Then on my right stands Prof. Haynes—take it from me the Prof. knows his groceries—sure he does—ask him.



ROOM 55, GRADE XI B.

(Reading from left to right)

Front Row—Gertrude Chandler, Patricia Swinford, Marie McInnes, May Kennedy, Maria Jonsson, Vida Bennett, Margaret Kier, Lexie Munsie, Evelyn Le Page.
 Second Row—Jake Handel, Clara Bjornson, Doris Hayes, Ada Loban, Irene Dalton, Margaret May, Kathleen Cowley, Vivian Davie, Kathleen Carson, M. C. G. Cooke.
 Third Row—Magnus Erlindson, Ralph Davidson, Geo. Clancy, Herbert Hill, Chas. Jackson, Ken. Sutton, Wm. Quayle, Elmer Ross, Clarence Bruder.
 Back Row—Alfred Johnson, Lorne Locke, Percy Haynes, Henry Bradshaw, John Meara, Gordon Ridge, Doug. Watson.
 Missing—Clarence Campbell.

Next we see ambling along Little Willie, or we mean Mr. Quayle—Bill is the only original wise-crack artist in the game. Don't look, but there is the famous Irish clansman, Geo. Clawney (Clancy). Georgie sure is a wallop with the girls. How do you do it, Georgie?

Next we have our only student, L. Locke. Then we have the Evasive J. Hamel, and J. Meara, the wise old man.

Again, we have Elmer Ross; his hair is to the women as a light is to moths—looks to us like the business end of a blow torch.

We also have with us Alfred Johnston, our arch-Mikadoen—perhaps this guy can't sing—perhaps!

—K.A.M.S., 55.

The better half of Room 55 will now tune in. Talking about baseball, how about Clara Bjornson? Can she swing a mean bat? Zowie!

And surely you've heard about Marie McInnes and Maria Jonsson—anyway you **must** have heard of Galli Curci, well it was Marie and Maria who taught her all she knows about singing. As for Gertie Chandler, talk about your debaters! I believe it was she who started that "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" business.

Then how about Pat Swinford? The way she slings the ball across the plate is just nobody's business.

And maybe we're not proud of May Kennedy. I'm here to tell you the Seniors sure showed their "gray matter" when they elected May on the Council.

—V.B.

ROOM 24

The class officers of Room 24 are as follows: President, Jean Treble; Secretary, Kathleen Todd; Sports Captain, Florence Pepper; Committee, Jean Robinson, Catherine Turpie; Breezes representative, Ellen Warford; successful candidate for Senior Council, Kathleen Haney.

Now let me introduce you to some of the members of our class.

The girls of the Practical Arts group, namely, Doris Henderson, Evelyn Moir, Margaret Grimwood, Elsie Beck, Margaret Evans, Kathleen Todd, and Eleanor Hendrickson, are recommended to make efficient and practical housewives, being thoroughly acquainted with the art of meal planning and budget making. This is a hint which should be appreciated and remembered.

However, Home Economics is not the only branch of school work in which the members of our class have achieved fame. Theresa Diner, Florence Pepper, Oliva Breckman, and Lillian Butler, are our outstanding athletes and deserve special mention because of this, although their abilities extend in other directions also. We might mention various other accomplishments, among them Lillian's marked brilliance in all literary work.

Jean Robinson, a scientific shark, is a source of great delight in P.T. periods on account of her enthusiasm.

Dorothy Hilton, the comfort of every teacher's heart, is always ready with an answer, be it right or wrong.

We certainly enjoy Ruth Hornbeck's frequent visits to the class room between attacks of colds, etc., and sincerely bemoan her absence when illness prevents her attending.

Evelyn Hull and Loretta Moyse have become noted for their sonorous voices which bellow through the room, bringing back to life with a start the dozing students.

Beatrice Deeks surprises us all by the amount of knowledge she acquires considering that she does not arrive until half the day's work has been completed.

In acquainting you with the members of our class we should not forget to mention Catherine Turpie and Ellen Vosper, our "star pupils," who uphold the reputation, which we all hope to live up to in June.

—E.W., 24.



ROOM 24, GRADE XI C.

(Reading from left to right)

Back Row—E. Henrickson, M. Evans, J. Treble, D. Hilton, M. Boal.

Third Row—E. Moir, E. Vosper, K. Todd, B. Deeks, K. Haney, R. Hornbeck.

Second Row—M. Grimwood, E. Beck, E. Hull, E. Warford, J. Robinson, F. Pepper, L. Moyse.

Front Row—E. Johnson, O. Breckman, C. Turpie, Miss E. Moore, G. Cohen, L. Butler, D. Henderson.

ROOM 7, X L

Emma Elf—Emma is a wild young lass,
In history she'll never pass.

Phyllis Argent—Gentle, quiet and mild,
Is this sweet child.

Bertha Collard—Of tender and sympathetic mind,
By all she's known to be kind.

Doris Campbell—Her dark grey eyes
Have a look that is wise.

Dorothy Cuthbert—Little Do Do is an industrious child,
Over her brightness her teachers are wild.

Patricia Cuthbert—Here is a mighty sweet little girl,
With many and many a tight little curl.

Florence Cunningham—Florence is absent quite a bit,
But wherever she goes she makes a hit.

Mary Caldwell—In shorthand she could make you burst,
She always gets her hand up first.

Dorothy Coulter—Generous and friendly, our foremost debater,
She'll win a medal sooner or later.

Agnes Daniel—Always laughing, happy and gay.
But not till her work is done for the day.

Clara Drew—Kind, courteous, and polite,
Busy from morning until night.

Doris Davidson—Doris Davidson is short and sweet,
A more flapperish girl you never could meet.

Hazel Dalman—Hazel is a very good catch;
She always wins in the spelling match.

Thelma Downie—Thelma is quiet and sincere,
And in June exams has nothing to fear.

Lillian Fairey—Here's a maid with ways so sweet,
Her curls and dress are always neat.

Josephine Folkett—Josephine is a quiet child,
Never was inclined to be wild.

Connie Forrest—Connie enjoys something funny,
So her life is always sunny.

Blanche Gallagher—A very athletic girl is Blanche,
With her other people haven't a chance.

Ingibjorg Hallson—Ingibjorg Hallson is a dark little girl,
When 9 o'clock rings she's here in a whirl.

Jorun Hanneson—Jorun with her bewitching smiles—
She's always there when it comes to styles.

Phyllis Henson—Phyllis Henson is dark and sweet;
In typing she can't be easily beat.

Eileen Holmes—Eileen Holmes, a quiet lass,
But she doesn't shine in literature class.

Marjorie Hayward—At debates she is always landing,
She sure has got a high class standing.

Thelma Irving—Thelma Irving is small in stature,
But in grammalog you cannot catch her.

Geraldine Jones—Geraldine is small and bright,
And likes her bookkeeping done right.

Patricia Kay and Sybil Clarke.
Have seldom, if ever, been seen apart.

Gladys Lissaman—Gladys Lissaman is quiet as a mouse,
Perhaps not so around the house.

Gladys Martin—Gladys Martin is not so bad,
Altho' o'er movie stars she's mad.

Joyce Newman—Joyce Newman takes life with ease,
And now she rumbles her piano keys!

Ina Osborn—Ina is a very good friend;
She'll stand by you to the bitter end.

Ivy Pope—Ivy does not like to take dictation,
She much prefers to think of vacation.

Viola Seaburg—She loves dancing, plays of every sort;
She's always willing to join in sport.

Nellie Sutton—Nellie Sutton likes to dance,
And she certainly gets the chance.

Eugenie Wehrmann—In her studies she is a shark;
She always gets the highest mark.

Esther Weiss—Esther Weiss distributes good candy,
And all around she is a dandy.

Winnie Windsor—Winnie Windsor is quiet and good.
High in shorthand she always stood.

ROOM 13

Room 13 has at last broken through the superstition of bygone ages! We have at least not been unlucky, but most fortunate in the friendly relationship that has existed during the past year. Many parties were held in the homes of various members of the class, and at these we became more thoroughly acquainted.

At first it was quite a task to make the other classes realize what a wonderful Room 13 is in sports, and while they were doubtful they challenged us to play. However, we showed them that it was not merely boasting that we were doing but also good playing, for Room 13 walked away with the Boys' Junior Championship in basketball and made a creditable showing at volleyball.

Among the notable members in our class is Russell Snusher. He has had the honor of breaking many records (mostly phonograph records) in previous years, but this year he won the "Chewing Gum Marathon." Snusher has written more essays on "Gum" than he has on anything else. However, he has the habit of not getting them into the proper person's hands at the right time.

We are not dumb. Oh, no! But there are a few things we would like to know. These are some of them:

How long did the "Hundred Years' War" last?
Who wrote "Gray's Elegy"?

In what country did the French Revolution take place?

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When will Snusher have his essays on "Gum" up to date?
 The person answering these perfectly will be rewarded—by knowing the correct answers.

Room 13—The "Luckies"

Eleanor Archibald.....	"Rusty."
Grace Cook.....	Just what her name signifies.
Venetta Hales.....	The "Mathematician."
Irene Hewitt.....	"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
Lucile Lawson.....	The Silent Loud Speaker.
Lillian Lewis.....	Our Dress Model.
Hazel Miller.....	"Hazel Dearie"—our Star.
Gladys Reichel.....	A Very Little Girl.
Winona Tait.....	The "Steno."
Muriel Wilkenson.....	The "Student."
Ronald Cummins.....	The "Dictionary."
Sydney Flye.....	The "Aviator."
Bill Halloran.....	"Curly Locks."
Bobby Hampton.....	The "Good Sport."
Fred Harlock.....	"Flaming Youth."
William Howie.....	The "President."
Bill Irwine.....	"Gran'pa."
Orval Knight.....	Broadcaster just O.K.
Jack Main.....	"Husky."
Jack McKay.....	"Baby Face."
Walter Penny.....	"Peanuts,"
Russell Snusher.....	The "Ruminant."
John Thompson.....	The Newspaper Man.
Birnie Volkman.....	"Volga Boatman."



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ROOM 19, GRADE XI D.

(Reading from left to right)

Back Row—B. Laking, D. McTavish, H. Robbins, M. Sprung, W. Williamson, L. Hilton, C. Braid, N. Vaux.
 Third Row—G. Timlick, R. Adams, E. Chesley, N. Wiberg, F. Darnell, C. DeFehr, S. Anderson, G. Eyjofsson, H. Penwarden, R. Hales.
 Second Row—B. Dodds, C. Cruikshanks, R. Mason, M. White, V. Peterson, H. Johnson, V. Lamb, R. Swanson, E. Stefansson, E. Nylander.
 Front Row—L. Deeter, O. Peacock, I. Bayley, R. Reade, Mr. Mountford, N. McCormick, H. Hallson, R. Milne, R. Taylor.
 Missing—R. Cook, H. Sholberg, L. Benson.

ROOM 19

Name—Favorite Expression—Highest Ideal—Foremost Trait—Ultimate Fate
 Ruth Reade—Good-night!—To be a missionary—Always has her Homework done—Cabaret Dancer.

Marjorie White—Odsbodikins—To write a Dictionary—Uses big Words—Kindergarten Teacher.

Helen Johnson—Holy Catastrophe—To be a Doctor—Always Dragging Dogs out of School—Founder of Home for Friendless Dogs.

Vera Lamb—Lord John Russell!—To be a Druggist—Curls—Pill Roller in a Dispensary.

Kuth Milne—Oh, Slightly!—To soar to the heights in poetry—Spouts poetry—Aviatrix.

Isabell Bayley—Oh, you're all wet!—To be a Prohibitionist—Takes everything seriously—Bootlegger-ess.

Roberta Taylor—My Gosh!—To be a Prima Donna—Always Warbling—Organ-grinder.

Virginia Peterson—Hot Soup!—To be a Teacher—Her Laugh—Promoter of "No School System."

Lillian Deeter—Act your age!—To be a Nurse—Weight—Horse Doctor.

Olive Peacock—That's what gripes me!—To pass Algebra—Long Hair—O.M.A. (Old Maid of Algebra).

Norma McCorkill—Oh, well!—To be a Beauty Culturist—Actually likes School!—House Painter.

M. Sprung—“And what not”—Surgeon—Arguing—Undertaker.

E. Chesley—“What a hope”—To be the most popular boy in the school—Hot Wimmin—Bigamist.

B. Dodds—“You're crazy”—Teacher's Pet (?)—Talking to Penwarden—Settlement School Teacher.

C. Braid—“Whoa”—Chauffeur—Red Hair—Teamster.

R. Hales—“For flop's sake”—Debater—Fighting both Andy and Wiberg—Bar-room Speaker.

S. Anderson—“Cut it out”—To defeat Wiberg—His writing—Wiberg's Sparring Partner.

R. Swanson—“Nothing, why?”—Smoke a pipe—Freezing himself—Tobacco Merchant.

C. DeFehr—“Himmel”—Veterinary—His hat—Sausage Maker.

H. Robbins—“We had a party last night”—To hand in an Essay on time—Chewing gum—Auctioneer.

H. Penwarden—“By the holy power”—Baseball player—Talking—Circus Ballyhoo.

N. Vaux—“Did you get that problem?”—Fireman—Giggling—Hosiery Salesman.

B. Laking—“O, gosh”—Orchestra Leader—His innocence—Drum Major in Princess Pat's.

R. Adams—“Say, listen here”—Cowboy—His boots—Policeman.

G. Timlick—“Oh, well”—Coach—His garters—Bat Boy.

G. Eyolfsson—“O Kondu Sael”—Owner of the Weevil Cafe—His quietness—Saloon Keeper.

R. Cook—“Hot Tamale”—To be a Latin Professor—His face—Night Watchman.

W. Williamson—“Hot soup”—Chemistry Teacher—His feet—Bug Collector.

F. Darnell—“I knew what was coming”—Wrestler—Coming late—Hairdresser.

L. Hilton—“I'll take my shoe off”—Follies Producer—Himself—Stage Door Tender.

C. Cruikshanks—“Bologna”—Gigolo—Girls—Floor Walker.

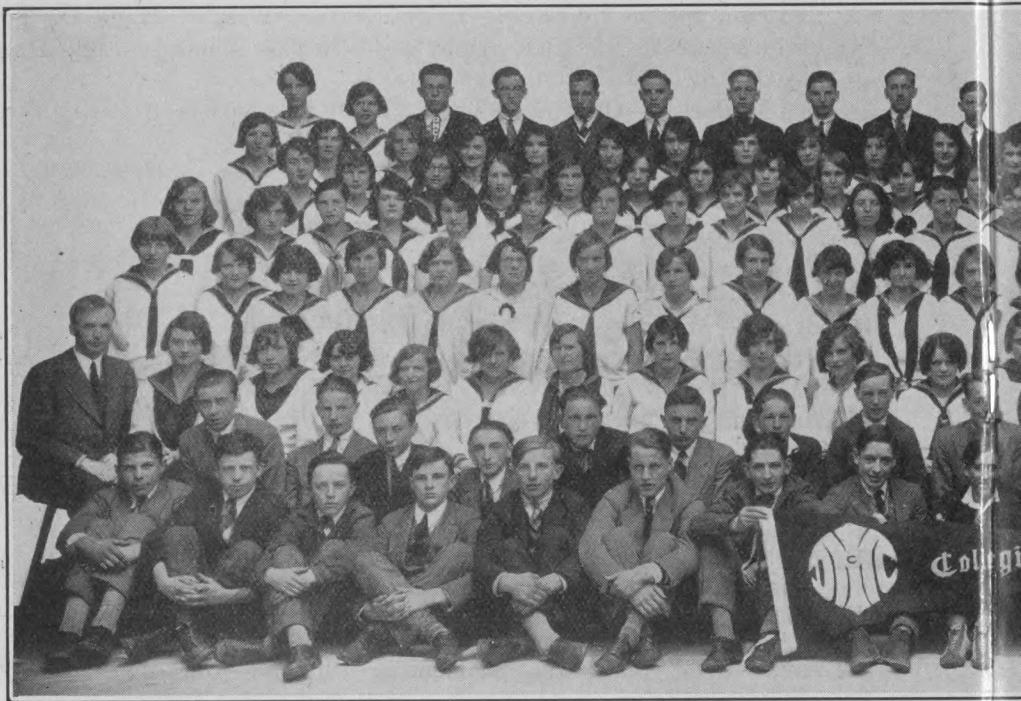
R. Mason—“Where's the place?”—Waiter—Girls—Woman Hater.

D. McTavish—“We were talking Latin”—Scout Master—His musical ability—Piano Teacher.

E. Stefannson—“How do you do this?”—Public Speaker—Blushing—Silent Policeman.

E. Nylander—“I heard this at the Orpheum”—To be hard boiled—Repeating Orpheum jokes—Henpecked Husband.

N. Wiberg—“Varied”—World Champion Boxer—Fighting—Pugilist.



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT, GRADE 15

(Reading from left to right)

Eighth Row—I. Pope, A. Boag, F. Davies, R. Cummins, R. Snusher, A. Cleven, H. Cassidy, B. Edgely, H. Bennington, J. Sutherland, T. Fenton, W. McKinnon, D. Soul, F. Harlock, M. Reid, G. Dysart, B. Irving, J. Catanzaro.

Seventh Row—J. Sandilands, E. McFetridge, M. Law, P. Fleming, V. Cullen, K. Robinson, V. Jaggar, P. Henson, T. Downie, E. Alf, E. Wehrmann, M. Bailey, G. Arnold, K. Shaw, G. Lissaman, H. Dalman, S. Clark, P. Kay, N. Sutton, B. Gallagher, A. Johnston, P. Dixbury.

Sixth Row—F. Miner, M. Caldwell, E. Weiss, B. Collard, L. Lawson, M. Wilkinson, H. Miller, G. Cook, D. Carter, P. Bayley, R. McLean, R. Flett, E. Gaulty, M. Robertson, G. McIntosh, M. Lutcherford, I. Sigvaldson, J. McPherson, I. Hewitt, V. Hales.

Fifth Row—J. Folkett, K. McDonald, M. Vincent, M. Ridgedale, I. Hood, M. Moffet, W. Inskip, M. Snelling, E. Pollit, B. Armstrong, E. Desreux, D. Garrett, J. Newman, L. Fairey, T. Irving, M. Hayward, D. Coulter, I. Taylor, D. Cuthbert, P. Argent, G. Martin, M. Johnson, M. Bremner, H. Ransom.

"PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF ROOM 15"

Is it really two years since we entered the "Daniel" as primaries, wishing that the floor of this stable old school would open and swallow us? However, we were soon ushered into the cheery atmosphere of Room 6 and our spirits speedily revived. But what a year was in store for us! Homework! Homework! And more homework! Somehow or other we managed to scrape through with the aid of several parties, and a picnic, at which, although it was not Saturday night, we all received a bath. Then came the June examinations. The majority of us somehow or other kept above the water and returned in the autumn to compose, with the aid of "7" and "11," Room 15.



, GRADES X G, H, J, K, L, AND M.

Fourth Row—E. Williams, E. Archibald, M. Pidgeon, S. Askew, V. Seaberg, I. Hallson, L. Small, L. Sharp, J. McAllister, H. Oram, S. Jeffrey, O. Edwards, M. McGregor, G. Farmer, M. Fairnie, P. O'Malley, P. Cuthbert, A. Daniel, W. Windsor, C. Forrest, G. Jones, E. Johnstone, D. Campbell, R. Campbell.

Third Row—Mr. McNab, E. Holmes, F. Cunningham, W. Tait, G. Reichel, C. Drew, I. Osborn, L. Finney, W. Curty, E. Gregg, M. Cameron, M. Forsberg, M. Steele, J. Edwards, E. Davies, G. Ryckman, A. Dalman, J. McIntosh, F. March, N. Tokar, Mr. Hoole.

Second Row—E. Carson, M. Keays, B. Hampton, J. Holmes, H. Chase, C. Ife, H. Stubbs, J. Robertson, J. McCracken, G. Reid, J. Main, W. Halloran, B. Miller, G. Webster, L. McLean, O. Knight, Mr. Forsyth.

Front Row—M. Bradstock, E. Nicholls, A. Slight, S. Flye, B. Volkman, V. Leatherdale, J. Thompson, G. Gamble, W. Penny, N. Peterson, J. Laurie, A. Hutchings, F. Smith, R. Wrighton, R. Dallas, R. Clement, B. Braunstein.

Missing—J. Hannesson, D. Davidson, E. Boles.

Hoping to reach the goal (graduation) at the end of this year, the pupils of Room 15 are still struggling. It has been a gala year thus far. We must not forget to mention the fact that our room contains Eileen Boles, Secretary of the Junior Council, of whose success we are duly proud. Nor could we forget the parties we have had this year, including a tramp, a toboggan party, and a masquerade. Our members have diminished rapidly during the last few weeks, many of our girls having entered the business world, and the rest of us are hoping to follow them shortly.

A Gifted Seer was heard to remark a few days ago: "Methinks these girls of Room 15 are not all going to be mere steno's. I see in the future private secretaries, bookkeepers, prima donnas, a concert-violin-

ist and even housekeepers. I cannot perceive any future dentists. I think there has been enough extracting (done by the professors). Now the scene grows dim.

Who's Who—And Why

Who keeps the home-fires burning?—Our Engineer.

Who holds the highest position in Daniel?—The janitor on the second floor.

Who are the Winnipeg cut-ups?—Its barbers.

Who makes his way by keeping late hours?—The night watchman.

Who has the most pressing work of all?—The tailor.

Who's the biggest loafer in town?—The baker.

Who is our greatest athlete?—Our mathematics teacher. (You ought to see him run up a column of figures.)

Who makes all the blunders in Room 15?—The other girl.

Who tells the girls of Room 15 where "to get off?"—The bus driver.

—W.C.

ROOM 6

As the Breezes' representative, and one person liable to do the most damage, I have been politely requested to give an account of the terrible sins and crimes of Room 6 during the past term.

Room 6 is a Commercial class of boys and a Domestic Science class of girls, so we get along famously. Not many fights or quarrels take place, but when they do, the Council of Peace, William Miller and Jimmy Robertson, brings them to a close.

Room 6 has an irresistible attraction. Even Joe McCracken cannot stay away for more than two days at a time (Saturday and Sunday).

The inhabitants of Room 6 like most of their subjects, but they find Science very inconvenient at times, especially when their instructor asks the class to bring a skeleton structure of an African elephant or a tap-root system of a pine tree for studying purposes.

Much to our regret the school term started a month late last year, and it was with joy and gladness that we tramped back to school on October 1st. However, we skipped over a few months' work and enjoyed a toboggan, snowshoe and house party, at which nearly everyone attended except Murray Keays, who couldn't find his toboggan.

Christmas came, and to our regret we were compelled to discontinue our extensive studies for a period of ten days. The after-effects passed, however, and one by one we straggled back to school to continue our very interesting work.

And now—Spring has come, and not one of us can resist the temptation to be outdoors at every possible chance—during school hours. One cannot study very well in warm spring weather, and Ron Clement does only two and one-half hours of homework each night, so it says on his report.

At the conclusion of the term, those who are fortunate enough to graduate, will pass out of our lives forever, and many a tear will be

shed. The reason this write-up has been prepared is to start them out in life with something more than a good education, which very few in Room 6 have the fortune to possess.

The members of Room 6 wish to take this opportunity of thanking the teachers and staff for their able assistance throughout the term. It is our opinion that we could not have got along so well without their timely co-operation.

Before going any further, I have an announcement to make. All the partners-in-crime of Room 6 are requested to meet at River Park on Friday, June 7th, at 7 p.m., for the final but best snowshoe tramp of the season.

Information has reached us that several of the females of the species of Room 6 are about to pay a visit to China to see the Pagodas this year. We hope they will like them well, as they treated us civilly on our recent visit.

We fear that there are not enough medals in the school to go over Room 6 this year, as we expect everyone to graduate with honors. I have no doubt that they will all do so and the sincere wishes of Room 6 and myself go out to all those who leave the school this year.

—J. McC.

WHO'S WHO IN ROOM 10

First there's Norman Peterson, our worthy President.
The man for his job and exceedingly competent.

Next Marion Vincent, our hardworking secretary,
Excels in anything, either oratorical or literary.

Margaret Johnson, quiet but intelligent,
Has the honor to be known as Room 10's vice-president.

Lillian Small, sport's captain of the females,
Can turn out a team, that very seldom fails.

The boys chose their captain in Vernon Leatherdale,
He keeps them in shape and also out of jail.

Phyllis Baylay, the librarian, keeps the books up-to-date,
And has gray hairs trying to keep the bookease in shape.

In shorthand and typing Ethel Pollit excels,
She'll be a credit to us some day, though we say it ourselves.

Olga Edwards and Beatrice Armstrong are two steady workers,
They benefit our room, by their influence on shirkers.

To Edward Fenton, business success will surely come,
'Cos he works like a Trojan, yet has plenty of fun.

Elenore Desreux, our dashing friend from France,
Devotes all her energies, to watering the plants.

Evelyn Johnstone and Hilda Oram have the brains of the room,
No doubt they'll know as much as the teachers do soon.

Jack Thompson and Alan Hutchings resemble the wise old bird,
They see lots and know lots but are very seldom heard.

Jean McAllister and Winnie Onskip shine in music and singing,
Though they get little encouragement, if they rehearse while we're
working.

Iris Hood, Lillian Sharp and Margaret Moffatt are all
Attentive to work and the fashions for fall.

Alf Cleven and Watson McKinnon are both good at working,
That is with the exception of when they are talking.

Myril Snelling, Dorothy Garrett, and Doris Carter,
Are as fast on the race track, as they are on the typewriter|.

Jack Lawrie and Joe Catanzaro are men of great patience,
When they get together you'd think them politicians.

Catherine McDonald, Annie Boag, Margaret Ridgedale, deserve
honorable mention,
As they are all famous, for paying attention.

In science, Sadie Jeffrey is a credit to the room,
Though she'd make it an aquarium, if she could, very soon.

Now the year is nearly over, and we're not all coming back,
But we'll all wish the best, for the good old Daniel Mac.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of our classmate, Nelson Lear, who died April 26, 1929, the students of Room 10 wish to extend their deepest sympathy to the friends and relatives of their late schoolmate.

Years roll on, time may fly,
Forget you? no, we'll never try;
Sleep on, dear friend, and take thy rest,
They miss you most who loved you best.

ROOM 22

Room 22 is composed of the proud remnants of three or four classes, who were in their prime among the best in the school. This class can therefore boast of students who have gone through the mill (exams.), and who have come out triumphant and with increased reputation.

Our class officers are: Margaret Norrie, President; Wilmot Shepherd, Secretary-Treasurer; Thora Olson, Girls' Sports Captain; Harold Davidson, Boys' Sports Captain; and our puny and diminutive Breezes representative, Lorne Coates.

Wilmot Shepherd, our elongated shark in mathematics (not so good in acrobatics), is the star of the class, being at the head in both the Christmas and Easter totals. Hilda Miller and Grace Shepherd, also no relative of Wilmot's, have been second and third respectively. Margaret Junkin, Helga Reydal, and Lorne Coates shine in English. Other students of our class who deserve praise are Clarence Robertson, Sheila Lawson, Hames Harding, Charlotte Williams, and Nino Forceese.

In sports we are not so well represented, but Frank McIntosh and



ROOM 22, GRADE XI F.

(Reading from left to right)

Back Row—James Harding, Berkeley Newman, Wilmot Shepherd, Frank McIntosh, Nino Forceese, Clarence Robertson.
 Third Row—Wanda Bobowski, Mary Bletcher, Grace Shepherd, Edith Finley, Mary Toporowski, Audrey Wilson, Helga Reydal, Maisie Fleming.
 Second Row—Lorne Coates, Charlotte Williams, Margaret Bletcher, Elsie Peterson, Valeria Karpetz, Aurora Dalman, Margaret Hill, Muriel Collins, Harold Davidson.
 Front Row—Margaret Junkin, Evelyn Burgess, Jean Wadge, Sheila Lawson, Mrs. Elliott, Margaret Norrie, Thora Olson, Betty de Wet, Hilda Miller.
 Missing—Nadine Lush, Gordon Peacock.

Harold Davidson have made a name for themselves, not only on the playground, but at the Inter-High Field Day meets.

Some of our keenest music enthusiasts are Berkley Newman, Nadine Karpetz, Audrey Wilson, Margaret Norrie, and Thora Olson, who ably upheld the honor of our room in the presentation of "The Mikado."

In fact, every member of the class has made a creditable achievement in some subject, and we sincerely hope that they will, one and all, have a successful career.

—L.C., Room 22.

ROOM EIGHTEEN

E ighteen! Eighteen! Cheer for Mr. Fyles,
 I n French and fun and football he beats the rest by miles.
 G reat nature's deepest secrets in Science we explore,
 H eat, light and sound in Physics and infinitely more.
 T hen when it comes to Chemistry Room 18 takes the cake,
 E mphatically we head the list with records hard to break.
 E verywhere school-spirit is our unchanging rule,
 N oble, unselfish sacrifice for the honor of our school.

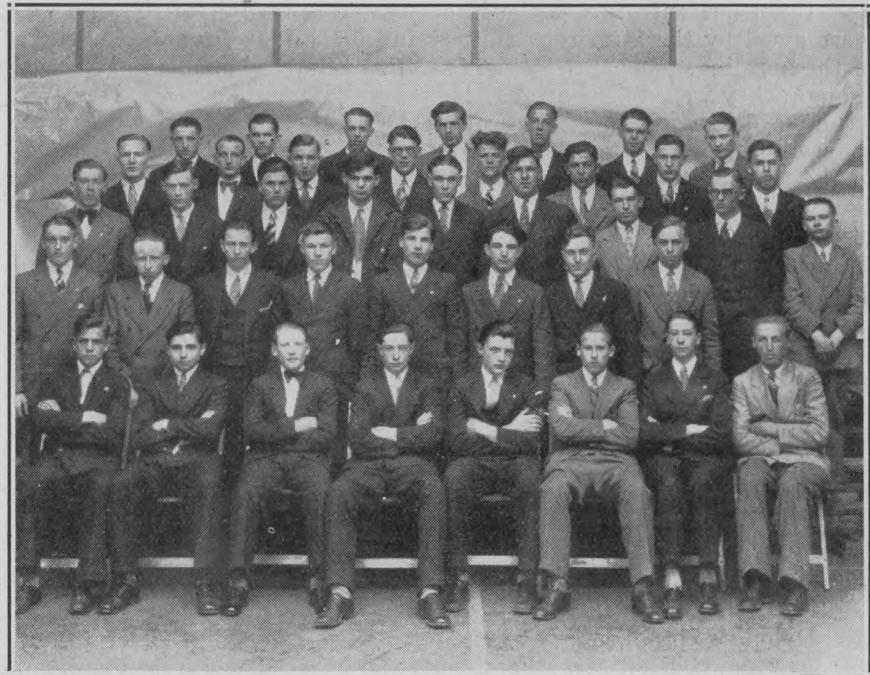
E ighteen! Eighteen! The finest room in school,
 I n English for our record inquire of Mr. Hoole,
 G rammatically perfect, rhetorically complete,
 H eroically studious, blameless, attentive, neat;
 T alented in History from Britain's early dawn,
 E ager and efficient even in learning "Wrong."
 E tiquette is never entirely overlooked;
 N ow when it comes to mental strain Room 18's always booked.

E ighteen! Eighteen! Listen while we tell,
 I ndoors and out of doors everything goes well.
 G ood in mathematics, thanks to Mr. Best.
 H ockey is our specialty, the finest in the West.
 T heory of music, the muses we emplore,
 E ven poor Miss Kinley says she'll take the class no more.
 E verlasting harmony within our precincts dwell,
 N ever one discordant note to break the magic spell.

—Sergius Fraser, Room 18.

We beg to call your attention to the fact that we are the first room to have formed a Court of Justice in order to punish assassins, robbers, and GUMCHEWERS, the latter being the most frequent offenders. All criminals are doomed with a heavy fine of fifteen cents or imprisonment. This has become a very important source of revenue as it keeps us well supplied with bats and balls. We are thinking that if the funds continue to increase, the question will arise as to the installing of plush seats, ivory desks, and patent-leather foot-stools.

—N.E., Room 18.



ROOM 18, GRADE XI E.
(Reading from left to right)

Back Row—Godfrey Murray, Creighton Gibson, Herbert Nelson, Kenneth Whatmough, Harold Scott, Wray Newman, Charles Pitts.
 Fourth Row—Basil Brown, Norman Erickson, Conrad Johnson, Lionel Theobald, David Gustaphson, Allan Lytle, Donald Campbell, Robert Brown.
 Third Row—Howard Russell, Vivian Horan, George Henson, Gordon McKelvey, Donovan Atkinson, Robert Williamson, Lorne Stone, Hector Hallett, John Simons.
 Second Row—Clifford Wallman, Percy Lanham, Richard Leonhart, Donald Lemon, Felice Pieri, Fenton Malley, Howard Boswell, Oddy Storsater.
 Front Row (Sitting)—Max Pfeffer, Nick Iannone, George Beal, Alistair Swanson, Sergius Fraser, James Morton, Frank Young, James Sutherland.

ROOM 11

This is the first opportunity that Room 11 has had to express itself this semester. We would like to tender you our year's history and present our views.

By way of introduction we would like it known that we are graduates of the "little red schoolhouse," namely, General Wolfe. It was there that we took our primary year, but, we were the seniors of that school, and now that we are in D.M.C.I. we find ourselves juniors.

When this term commenced we trudged sturdily up the street and found ourselves confronted by a towering mass of salmon-red brick. We were left speechless by the magnificence of it all. As we passed through the doorway we noticed two funny looking bits of sculpture work on either side of the entrance. We thought at first that they were busts of the more famous teachers, but have learned since that they are "gargoyles."

Upon our entrance to the interior of this temple of learning we were awed by the numerous statues and busts placed in various parts of the building. Strutting seniors strolled calmly about and at first we thought they were teachers, they looked so wise and learned. However, we have discovered that they only LOOK that way. Figures were scurrying hither and yon. Strange faces, and forbidding countenances of the teachers were all that we saw that day. This deplorable condition was passed off long ago and we have become a cog in the machinery of the Collegiate.

Our one regret is that this will be to the majority of this class, our first, last, and only year in this fine building. Many of us will pass over the horizon and become a cog in that complex machine of money-making. Those whose foolscap will not suit the examiners, MAY return and enliven the hallways with their laughter, footsteps and presence once more.

All coming from General Wolfe Junior High School, we were acquainted with our classmates. Though the glow from our Lamp of Knowledge did not startle the world with its glare, we had our brilliant students, for instance: Alvin Slight, our history shark; Elma McFetridge, our maths. student; and our infant prodigy, Leonard Johnston, good in everything but homework. These are only a few of the super-excellent students we produced.

Dabbling in politics was our first offence. We elected the following very capable officers: President, Gordon Dysart; Vice-President, Isabel Taylor; Secretary-Treasurer, Eric Nicholls; Librarian, Ruby Flett; Girls' Sports Captain, Elma McFetridge; Boys' Sports Captain, Maurice Bradstock. These members represented us faithfully, and we are not sorry we appointed them.

Being new and with the enthusiasm of small children, we were anxious to have a part in everything. We entered everything we could, but not the debates. We linked up with Room 10 for the Noon-Hour Basketball League and had the distinction of finishing in the cellar. One setback did not discourage us, we tried again. We are disappointed in the volleyball league. Because of its length enthusiasm has dwindled. We played one hockey game, which ended in a 4-4 tie.

We had several girls in the school chorus, and their voices aided in the winning of the Earl Grey Trophy.

Jack Sutherland, one of our members, was confined to the hospital for two months with scarlet fever. Among other remembrances the students sent a class letter in which each pupil wrote half a page. When it was mailed, it contained eight sheets of foolscap. When Jack returned to school, he told us that it certainly cheered him up to receive such a letter.

All in all, we have had a rather remarkable year and it is with tear-dimmed eyes and deep regret that we contemplate going down the hall, through the door for the last time. Good old McIntyre, long may it flourish.

ROOM RECORDS—GRADE X. ARTS

ROOM 52 ANAGRAMS

Our famous **Hunter** set out from the **McIntyre** one day with **Thom** and **Dyck**. His object was to shoot a **Kuhn**, but the only living thing he saw was a **Swan**. The little **Swanson** looked so pitiful, however, that he had not the heart to use his **Winchester**. **R-Ashley** he pushed forward to where the **Wall-is** round the **Fieldhouse**. In the garden there were many varieties of flowers, among them: **Myrtle**, **Marguerites**, **Daisy**, **Violet**, and **Lillie**. He meant to eat his lunch in the **Olive** tree, but finding himself too heavy he **Laura'd** himself to the ground. After eating some **Christie's** biscuits and a bar of **Ryley's** toffee, his hunger was not appeased. How he longed for some hot **Campbell's** soup or a dish of **Ogilvie's** oats! The others were heard to murmur: "I **Bett-y** could eat an ox." Soon afterwards our **Hunter** was stricken with a severe **Bain**. When a **Carter** had been called and he had been transferred home he recovered, giving his friends cause to re-**Joyce**. Tis health is now as sound **Isabel**.

—C.H.

ROOM 47

Room 47 unanimously votes that First Aid should be taught in the Daniel McIntyre. This appeal is the result of four casualties which occurred in Room 47 this term. The first happened when Bill Ellis ran into the 182 lbs. bulk of Morris Lapkin. Bill thought he had hit the school. Then a baseball bat mysteriously collided with Eva Peter's head. Finally, some one hit Ham Mullins in the eye. We think we win the championship in this line.

—W.F.

ROOM 12

Boom-Boom!
In our room;
Dig and delve,
Nine till twelve;
All done,
Think it's fun,
Every pupil
Hard has tried
Teachers all
Satisfied.
In twelve
'Tis the rule
To keep our place
As best in school.

On the playground,
Anywhere,
Every man
The game plays fair,
Win or lose,
The spirit's there.
Baseball champions
Soon to be,
Rooters wanted,
Seats are free!
Standing room, of course,
You see!
Basketball and volley, too—
That's not all,
But—
I thank you.

—B.G

LOG OF ROOM 50 FOR 1928-1929

October—Room filled to the last seat. We have the “long and short” of grade 10 this year. (Holmes and Asgierson.) All set for a banner year.

November—Election of class officers this month: President, J. Owen; Vice-President, R. Kiede; Secretary, L. Gray; Sports Captain, M. Dale; Press, B. Bradshaw. Also had a weiner roast in St. Charles. Nobody sick.

December—Room represented by Bradshaw in the Junior Council. Exams are putting a damper on activities.

January—After holidays a dozen of the faithful had a mocassin hike with the same number of girls from 61. Gray’s house after.

February—Gray has place on school hockey team. We have a new member in the person of James (Fat) Fraser, late of Smooth Rock Falls.

March—Reed Vandevecken and Younger are all forwards on the school’s primary basketball, and they won the championship. G. Johnson is on the junior team. Class executive had a party at Yeddeau’s house. Room 61 again favored by our lads.

April—After holidays found Owen had left us. R. Kiede now President; Rackhan, Vice-President.

May—Have ten men from room in the Inter-High Track Team.

June—Everybody passed.

P.S.—At least we hope so.

—B.B., Room 50.

INSERTED IN LOVING MEMORY OF ROOM 61

- A is “Adele,” a flighty young lass,
Who fidgets and fusses while sitting in class.
- B is for “Bev.,” our basketball star,
Who sat on the floor more than others by far!
- C is the class of room sixty-one,
The teachers appreciate us, every one (?).
- D is for “Daniel,” the best school of all,
We’ll always remember our walks down the hall.
- E is for “Essie,” with springs in her shoes,
’Tis she scales the ladder when our balls we lose.
- F is for “Frenchie,” also called Red—
The brightest spot in our room is her head!
- G is for “Giget,” a hardy young sinner,
Who always comes late—except for her dinner.
- H is for “Hickson,” please pardon our sin,
We couldn’t say “Miss,” for it didn’t fit in.
- I is “Intelligence,” some say we lack,
Our able debaters make you take that back.
- J is for “Jarrett,” Christian name Grace,
Who always is seen with a smile on her face.

K is for "Kike," so childish and droll,
The teachers all think her a silly young soul.

L is for "larks," namely, Edna and Janet,
Who often keep singing when we wish they'd "can it."

M is for "Maggie," our olive consumer,
That she eats them by tons is more than a rumor.

N is for notes we receive by the reams,
No wonder we've nightmares and unhappy dreams.

O is "Obedience," and we can't be blamed
For admitting that it makes our class justly famed.

P is for "President"—Kay holds the post,
She doesn't do much, but that is her most.

Q is for "Questions" asked by the score,
We can answer them all and then coax for more.

R is for "Rhoda," our young Sherlock Holmes,
She writes thrilling stories, surpassing her poems.

S is for "Seniors," whose class is next door,
That we're an example for them makes them sore.

T is for "Teachers," who come to our room,
If we did all our work they'd "faw down and go boom!"

U is for "us," the best of the lot,
Up to the minute and right on the dot!

V is the "virtue" possessed by our class—
The teachers don't think it will help us to pass.

W is for "warriors," hardy and bold,
Winners in sports like the heroes of old.

X is the "exit" we all make at four,
If you don't make a rush you'll be jammed at the door.

Y is the yell that proves beyond doubt
Everyone's glad that school is let out.

Z is our zeal, perseverance and skill,
We give to our school with a hearty good-will.

—A.D., Room 61.

THEME SONG FOR "A CLASS TRAGEDY"—Room 14

Latin is a language dead,
As dead as dead can be;
First it killed the Romans,
And now it's killing me.
All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it,
All will die who learn it,
Noble death—they earn it.
(Not I, 'cause I can't learn it.)

By the budding poet of Room 14—J. McQ.

ROOM 53

The Primary Oratorical Contest took place in the month of March. Primary rooms that wished to take part sent in volunteers, of which Room 53 sent five—Christine Shields, Margaret Marr, Helen Rindress, Bruce Moir and Jim McTavish. Our English teacher, Mr. Hoole, helped these contestants greatly in class by having them speak to the pupils in their own room, pointing out their mistakes, and correcting them. Thus, when the appointed time for the contest arrived, they were well prepared. Bruce Moir suffered an honorable defeat, sad to say, but secured second place in the finals. His subject was, "The Natural Resources of Canada."

However, we do not devote all our time to the pursuit of knowledge. The boys' baseball schedule opened on April 29th. Room 53 played their first game on May 3rd, receiving a slight defeat.

A list of our most distinguished class officers will now be given. We are under the capable direction of Mr. Thomas (Doc.) Brandson. As Vice-President we have Mr. Gerald Hartwell. Miss Bernice Geil is our Secretary. Dick Jones is our Librarian, and last, but not least, are our Sport Captains, Sadie Braid and Leon Jampolski. —E.G.

NOTABLE CHARACTERS OF ROOM 51

Nellie Malcolm is quite a talker,
She really should be kept in a locker.

Agnes Lamont is very petite,
Awfully cute and very sweet.

Isabel McDonald is our real sport,
She's not too fat or not too short.

Alice Anderson is very sedate,
In all her garments she's up to date.

Elsie Rangno is very fair,
She really has got lovely hair.

Jessie McGifford is very fleet,
When she's dashing down the street.

Miriam Spevack is rather dark,
And in science she's a shark.

Maude Vollrath is our literature star,
She knows all about Lochinvar.

—L.J.

Donald Fraser—The Nuisance.

George Lillies—What's the hurry?

Earl Malley—Yah! Sure! Our Mechanic,
Norman Scott—Unconscious.

John Villeneuve—Our Sheik.

Walter Woods—The Sleeping Beauty.

Frank Thorolfson—Pinky.

Arthur McElrea—Baby Face. —G.S. and R.S.

ROOM 48

Our class president is Miss McCue, a promising young person. Our secretary is Alec Ferworn, a gentleman of first standing, who gets more than his share of exercise trotting down stairs for more chalk. Mr. Evans is our star mathematician and also shines in bookkeeping with such radiance that he has eclipsed all others in the room. As to Nora Edwards, she is our Melba, being able to capture the prize in anything from a school contest to grand opera. Kelly has gone and we have to turn to our dictionaries once more. How we miss him! These are only a few of our notables; next year you will learn of others.

—W.M.

ROOM 46

Room 46 came into the limelight this term. It has two representatives in the Primary Council, and two of its students spoke in the finals in the Public Speaking Contest.

In studies and sports its members are doing remarkably well. Though it has its good points, Room 46, like every other classroom, has its bright heads, semi-conscious and fatheads.

You will hear more of this class next year when its members are seniors.

—A.S.

ROOM 49—"THE McNOISE CLAN"

This is a class of rare intelligence or rather rare with intelligence. Our teachers tell us that they have never had a class with the same ability. We never think of not doing our homework; we forget without thinking. If a teacher walks into the room he is struck by our intelligent expressions. If it is a pupil he is struck with the fact that the female members of the class are quite stunning.

We have many distinguished characters in the class. For instance, there is the "late" Roy Archibald Cunningham, whose ancestors were late for the ark.

Then there is our old friend Kemp, who knows everything from a needle to an anchor, particularly the needle.

Last, but not least of all, is our president, Edward Kobold, the only seventy-two inch dwarf in captivity.

DANIEL MAC'S

When a stranger from afar
Comes along,
Tell him who and what you are—
Make it strong.
Never flatter, never bluff,
Tell the truth, for that's enough.
Be a booster, that's the stuff—
Don't just belong.

If you think Daniel Mac's the best,
 Tell 'em so.
 If you'd have it lead the rest,
 Help it grow.
 When there's anything to do
 Let them always count on you,
 You'll feel happy when it's through,
 Don't you know.

ROOM 45

The room in the corner is known by all
 They call us the room of the friendly call,
 The teachers at the door oft lurk,
 In search of homework which we shirk.

In basketball we do excel,
 And hockey shows we never fail,
 For every championship we're in
 Our room is always sure to win.

ROOM 21

The officers of Room 21 are. President, Martha Blakeney; Vice-President, Alma Dorbey; Secretary, Margaret Russell; Sports Captain, Annie Hay.

The girls in the basketball team of Room 21 worked hard throughout the winter months to win the Grade IX championship, in which they succeeded. They had a hard time to defeat Room 51. The lightweight basketball players are Dorothy Young, Isobel McBean, Margaret Russell, and Annie Hay. The heavyweight players are Ethel Tottle and Nellie Moodie.

We are represented in the Grade IX Glee Club by Nellie Moodie, Vice-President; Margaret Russell, Secretary; Martha Blakeney, assistant pianist.

Our candidate, Dorothy Young, was elected President of the Primary Council.

ROOM 8

The woods are so green with the spruce and pine;
 We like to play hookey when days are fine,
 But as well as our fun,
 Work must be done;
 If we care to pass out of grade nine.

We work very hard from nine until four,
 We stop not to talk, nor gaze out the door.
 If we work very fast,
 We are certain to pass,
 Ne'er to return to grade nine any more.

—J.N.

THE MASTER MIND

In days of yore from the Greek's fair shore
The great and noble Euclid came.
Though twenty centuries have past
His shadow still o'er us is cast.

He had a keen and active mind,
Found occupation hard to find;
Science then was baby play,
Holding a vague uncertain sway.

The facts established yesterday
Were disputed theories of today;
There nothing staple could he find
To occupy his busy mind.

To Mathematics then, alas!
He let his calculations pass;
And from that day till now you see,
Poor mortals learn Geometry.

—SERGIUS FRASER, Room 18

ART APPRECIATION

The Breezes has long been recognized as a weapon of assault in our battle for "School Spirit." Every struggle results in the survival of the fit—or so we have been told—but in this case more interest should be directed towards a "revival." We really have some "School Spirit," but it is kept so well bottled up—as some spirits should be—that its very reality is doubted at times.

Supporting the existence of a "School Spirit" our greatest argument is the way in which we boost our school—to outsiders. One would think the whole wind section of the orchestra was practicing when we start to describe our musical feats and triumphs! And well might we be proud! Such amazing progress, too, as we have witnessed in the art of public speaking and debating!!

But out powers of delineation reach their zenith in the description of the school itself with its various works of sculpture and art about the corridors and rooms. If we ever exaggerate—O foolish one who curseth his soul for the sake of his pride—we do so only to hide the deficiency in our argument caused by the lack of an auditorium. Parents! note to what an extremity your young people are being driven—all for the lack of an auditorium!!

Speaking of art, how many of us know anything about the art objects our own halls contain? Does the name 'Carrara' suggest anything to our minds? Not likely, yet nevertheless it is the name of the

world's most famous marble, valued not only for its pure white beauty, but also for its smoothness when polished. Incidentally, the quarries of Carrara, Italy, once sheltered the very marble from which our own statuary was sculptured. What an opportunity our ignorance on this matter presents for the advent for a class in "Art Appreciation."

Immediately we hear the cry that our curriculum is already taxed to capacity. Why could we not follow the example set by our music department? Much of our music is carried on outside the class periods. But is that a burden, a drudgery? A thousand times no, it is rather a pleasure, a privilege. Could not the aforementioned class—just as interesting a phase of art as music—be tried in a similar way?

Meanwhile here is a chance to show what we can do ourselves. Let's put a big plank—well supported, remember—in our next election platform and name it "Get Acquainted with Our School?" We crave the moon but will we look at the treasures in our hand? Mercy, no, that would be too easy! Here arises an opportunity for one of the councils to make its name immortal. Why couldn't one of these capable (?) bodies undertake the placing of a small tablet on or near each work of art? Such a tablet might bear items of historical interest or suitable description. Thus our art would become a real source of education and pleasure.

When we know something about all the arts sponsored by our school, then, and then only, can we shout whole-heartedly:

"Arts, Sports, Scholarship, too."

HELEN MACLENNAN.

Cause of a New Year's Resolution to Study

Visitation—Exams.

Condemnation—Personal remorse.

Resortation—Cramming a la mode.

Vacation—Ghostly fears.

Realization—"Plucked."

Taxation—Money for "Supp."

Arbitration—Papers re-read.

Obliteration—Result.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
My exam. marks are a dream!
Though my soul for fifty yearneth,
Marks are not just what they seem.

THE "LOW-DOWN" ON A WHEAT CROP

(By ELMER ROSS, Room 55)

The last two centuries have marked probably the greatest advances in civilization that mankind has known. Advances, more recent, have been made in practically all lines of human endeavour. However this progress would not continue, were it not for man's physical development, made possible by the consumption of wholesome food.

Canada is most fortunate in holding in its command the vast western prairies, on which her energetic farmers cultivate enormous crops of wheat—the veritable staff of life. Let us follow a western crop from the prairies to England.

Early in the spring, we see a farmer labouring in his fields, in anticipation of his next crop. With the aid of Providence and his own toil, the crop develops wonderfully. Toward the end of August, the barren fields of the spring are a waving mass of golden wheat.

Harvesting takes place, and the wheat is then taken to one of the many small country elevators, which are scattered at convenient points throughout Western Canada. Here it is stored temporarily. Shortly, a train comes puffing up to the elevator, and the wheat is then loaded into box cars, in readiness for removal to the Canadian Lakehead, Fort William and Port Arthur.

Here the grain enters one of the huge elevators. The method of handling the grain in these elevators is quite interesting. The cars of grain, one at a time, are passed on to a "car-dumper." The grain door is removed from the car, then the "car dumper" holding the car is tipped first on one end, and then on the other, forcing the grain to run out. The grain falls into a "hopper," which resembles a huge V-shaped trough, with an opening along the bottom. Running below this opening is a wide belt. The grain, of necessity, drops on to this belt, and is carried along the bottom of the elevator to a "boot," a large trough. From this "boot" to the top of the elevator moves a belt, to which is attached small buckets. These buckets take the grain to the weighing floor, where the grain is weighed in large vats. Upon leaving the scales, the grain is carried along a belt to the storage tanks, and is automatically dropped by an "automatic trip" into the desired tank.

Very often, the grain is not free of "dockage"—this consists of traces of wild oats, seeds, and other undesirable quantities. This is usually removed before the grain leaves the elevator. At the bottom of the storage tanks are slides, which permit the outlet of the grain. When cleaning is desired, these slides are opened, and the grain drops on to moving belts, which take it to the "cleaners."

The "cleaner" acts in the nature of an ash-sifter, getting rid of undesirable waste.

Before the grain may be loaded on to a ship, it must be again weighed. It is weighed in "drafts"—1,500 bushels at a time. This grain is carried on a belt to the "shipping leg," a long chute, which extends from the side of the elevator into the ship.

The valuable cargo is now transported down the Great Lakes as

far as Montreal, or to one of the lower lake ports. At Montreal, the wheat is unloaded at one of the elevators. The unloading is done by means of a "marine leg." This is a long box-like structure, which comes from the side of the elevator to the hold of the ship. The marine leg is shoved down into the grain, and by means of a belt to which buckets are attached, the grain is taken up and deposited in the elevator.

The last stage in the travels of the cargo of wheat, is enacted when the wheat is loaded on an ocean freighter and transported to Liverpool, England. The wheat is made into flour here and sold to consumers in the British Isles for the baking of bread and cakes. Thus we have followed the course of one of the many cargoes of wheat which are grown on Canada's fruitful prairies.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant.
I blew a pile of dough
On you three years ago,
And now you refuse to go,
Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside,
I drove thee full of pride,
No charm you lacked.
I loved your gaudy hue,
Your tires so round and new.
Now I feel very blue,
The way you act.

To thee old rattle box,
Come many bumps and knocks;
For thee I grieve.
Badly the top is torn,
Frayed are the seats and worn,
The cramp affects the horn,
I do believe.
The motor has the grippe,
The spark plug has the pip,
And woe is thine.

I have to suffer chills,
Fatigue and kindred ills,
Trying to pay the bills,
Since thou wert mine.
Yet if I had the yen,
So help me John—Amen,
I'd buy a car again,
And speed some more.

—Sergius Fraser, Room 18.

"I'd like to go to a funeral this afternoon, sir," said the office boy.

"Oh, you would, would you?" the chief heartlessly replied.

"Well, you won't."

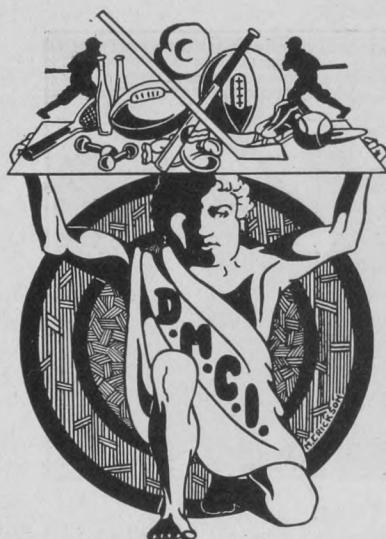
"No, sir, I know I won't, but I'd like to all the same."

Something tragic and appealing in the youthful voice led the chief to ask, "whose funeral."

"Yours, sir," said the boy.

Mother—"What in the world are you doing to poor dolly, child?"

Child—"I'm just going to put her to bed. I've taken off her hair, but I can't get her teeth out."



Athletic Activities

FOOTBALL

Early in the term, Mr. Fyles and Mr. McLeod called out the football candidates and set to work to build up a team with four or five of last year's aggregation as a nucleus. The weather was fine and the team came on rapidly.

They opened the season against St. John's on the Saints' home grounds.

Play started fast and inside of five minutes the Brown and Orange were one up, on a fine shot by Glusman. The half ended with the score-sheet unchanged. Hardly had the second half got under way, when Glusman scored his second counter of the match. Things looked bad for the Maroon and White, but the breaks came our way. On a corner kick the ball was deflected into the open goal. A little later Haynes headed a beauty past the Saints' custodian to place the game on an even heading. Try as the forwards might, the respective goal tenders kept everything out, and the match ended in a draw, 2 to 2.

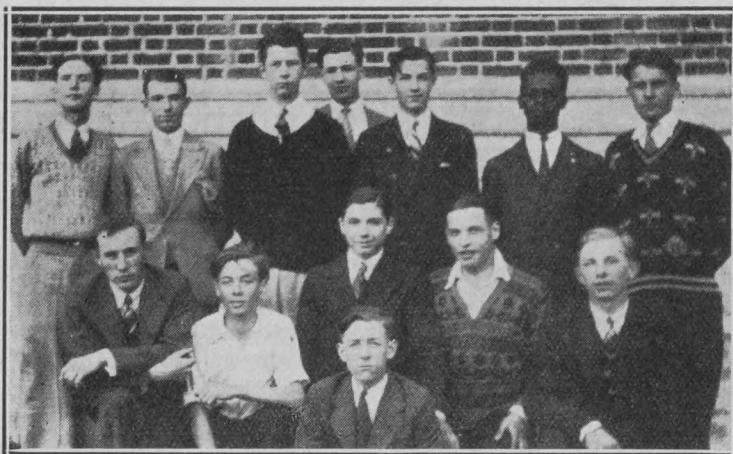
In the second game at our own school, against Kelvin, the team had little difficulty in vanquishing the Cherry and Grey clad warriors, 4 to 2.

Later in the week St. John's paid us a return visit, and again the score was deadlocked, this time, however, at nothing all.

In the following week, Daniel played the second game with Kelvin. The southenders displayed a much rejuvenated team, which fought to the bitter end. Our team, knowing that anything less than a win would mean elimination, were determined to get that win. At half-time the score was one to one. In the second half, after swarming around Kelvin's goal-mouth for half an hour, the break came—Hampton netting the ball for what proved to be the winning point. This placed St. John's and Daniel on an even footing for the title. It was decided to hold the play-off at Wesley Park on the following Tuesday.

The play-off was a fast, clean game, St. John's emerging the victors by one goal, and, though the goal was lucky, it was generally conceded that the Saints were the better team on the afternoon's showing.

Congratulations are certainly due the coach, Mr. Fyles, and the team for putting Daniel back on the football map once more.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—A. Pearly, L. Stone, E. Johnston, K. Whatmough, M. Sprung, P. Haines (Capt.), R. Heide.

Front Row—H. Penwarden, B. Hampton, N. Iannone, B. Brownstein, B. Volkman.

Front—G. Ness.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

H. Blair, R. Hampton, W. Halloran, W. Kemp, G. Johnston, J. Gutray.
Missing—F. Chase (Capt.).

BASKETBALL

During the past season, Daniel has enjoyed her most successful year, as far as basketball is concerned, for many a winter. We won two out of the four divisions, the Primaries winning handily, as did the Intermediates. The Juniors and Seniors, the Juniors in particular, put up a great fight, but were beaten by better teams.

Intermediate Team

From the first of the season the Intermediates were picked to win their division. They started out on the right foot by trimming the crack St. John's team, 30-27. The next time they met, however, Daniel showed this was no true indication of their form, by defeating the same team with twenty points to spare.

In a two-game series with Kelvin, they completely outplayed the Cherry and Grey to win by twenty-five points on the series.

With "Eastie" and "Penny" to thwart the opponents' offense, and "Tim" Timlick and Bruce Dodds to riddle the opponents' defence, they were undoubtedly the strongest Intermediate team ever produced in Daniel.

Senior Team

The Seniors have always been our weakest representatives, and though they finished in third place again this year, they did much better than ever before; in fact, if our memory serves us right, they were the first Senior team ever to win a game.

In their first game they took on the champion St. John's team on their home floor, and though they flashed their best plays, they were no match for the smooth working champs, and lost 47-24.

Nothing daunted, they journeyed over to Kelvin and there showed a distinct improvement in their playing. They lead at half-time 18-15, but once again it was denied us, for Kelvin, having an uncanny knowledge of the long-shooting game, came through in the final minute to drop in a basket and win 33-32.

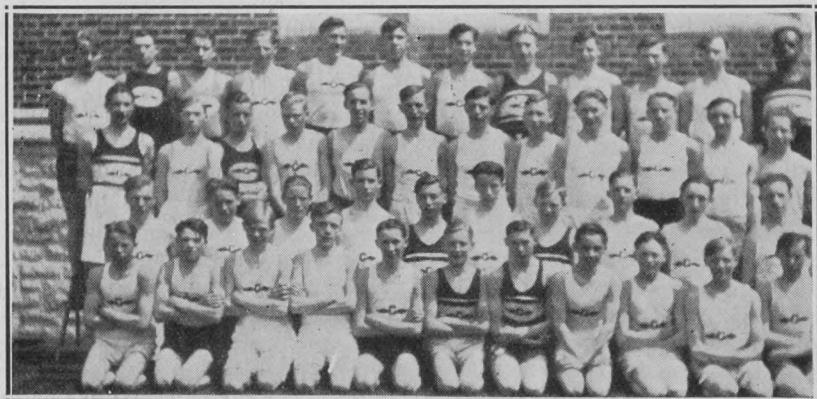
In their next game at the Y.M.C.A. the Seniors showed the results of their previous experience and for the first time in years, defeated Kelvin. It was a dandy match, one point separating the teams the whole game. With one minute to go, Kelvin dropped in a well earned shot to tie the score 19 to 19. After a brief consultation it was decided to play overtime, and in as fierce a five minutes as the Inter-High League ever witnessed Daniel hung up two points to Kelvin's one, and so took the game, 21 to 20.

In the final game of the year, the team made a wonderfully improved showing against St. John's. They tried hard and came within four points of winning from the champions, the final score standing 38-34. With Calvary Church gym in which to practice, the teams this year made a much improved showing, thereby proving what we have



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

R. Elliott, D. Watson, G. Norrie, J. Murray, J. Handel, J. Easterbrook,
B. Dodds, H. Penwarden (Capt.), G. Timlick.

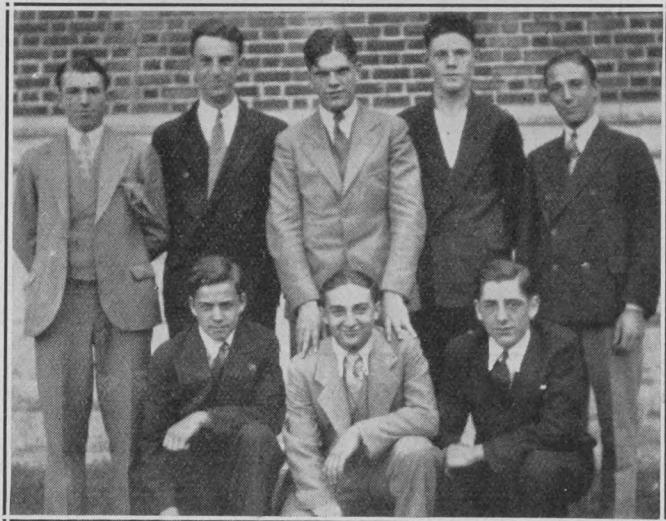


BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—V. Leatherdale, L. Stone, R. Heide, D. Brooks, G. Cane, R. Williamson,
M. Sprung, O. Knight, F. MacIntosh, B. Newman, J. Easterbrook, P. Haynes.
Third Row—D. Watson, B. Dodds, L. Backham, E. Stefansson, R. Bradshaw, R. Elliott, C. Braid,
A. Noble, A. Jessiman, M. Dale, Brooks, G. Williams.
Second Row—S. Anderson, J. McCracken, B. Blair, R. Bennett, R. Hampton, B. Galaugher,
G. Johnson, G. Ness, J. Holmes, W. Halloran.
First Row—C. Bach, H. Davidson, S. Thorson, G. Worsley, N. Peterson, H. Vandervyken, B.
Younger, J. Dick, T. Murray, J. Wright.

always maintained: that Daniel could win her share of basketball championships, if she had a gymnasium of her own.

Great credit is due Mr. Morgan for turning out such fine teams this year, and we sincerely hope that in the near future Daniel will win the Senior basketball championship and so follow the example set by the Intermediates and Primaries.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back (left to right)—L. Stone, S. Crerar, R. Alexander, E. Ross, R. Turnbull.
Front—M. Pfeiffer, B. Glusman, L. Grey.
Missing from picture—A. Swanson, W. Cooke.

HOCKEY

The hockey league this year was run off from beginning to end, without a hitch. Our team made a much improved showing over last year, when they were placed third; this year, however, the only team to stop them was Kelvin.

In the first game McIntyre tied the champions, but in the second match, were forced to bow to a superior team. Kelvin displayed a well-balanced team, much heavier and more experienced than our fellows, and for the second consecutive year won the jealously guarded trophy.

For coaching and managing the team Mr. Dobson deserves much credit, for, with 90% new material, he moulded a team together that was able to take second place away from the dangerous Brown and Orange clad sextette.

The hockey team this year kept pace with the gain which has been made in practically every sport, and if they continue improving to the extent they did this year, the close of next season's league will see them, for the first time in many years, sitting on top of the heap.



VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—L. Stone, A. Swanson, K. Whatmough,
P. Haynes, B. Braunstein.
Front Row—H. Penwarden, J. Handel, B. Glusman.



PRIMARY BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—J. Dott, N. Christie, J. Swanson, H.
Vanderveken, J. Main.
Front Row—W. Younger, J. Reid, J. Dick.

GIRLS' SPORTS

INTER-ROOM VOLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

Owing to the late start of school, games of all kinds were delayed. Finally, to everybody's joy the Inter-room Volley and Basketball schedules were posted on bulletin boards in each room. There were three schedules as usual, Primary, Junior and Senior. The volleyball games were played off, but, as the finals were not arranged, did not create as much interest.

Excitement ran high as the basketball games progressed. A hard-fought battle between rooms 21 and 51, Primaries, resulted in a victory for the former. In the Juniors, team after team fell victim to either room 61 or 15. These two teams played off, room 61 coming out on top. The final in the Seniors was played off between rooms 58 and 56, the latter gaining the victory.

As usual, the Primaries and Juniors played off their winners, room 61 fighting their way to victory over the plucky players from room 21. As a result of this, room 61 played the Senior champions, room 56, and again emerged victorious. The noble Seniors were vanquished indeed! Of course, room 61 may have had a better chance because their players were so very good that quite a few got places on the school team.

INTER HIGH VOLLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

The Inter-High School skating was keenly contested by the three both Juniors and Seniors. The Junior team lined up as follows: Theresa Diner (Captain), Hilda Decter, Mary Denefield, Doris Gaffield, Lillian Fairey, Jean Tedford, Beverley Dunsmore, Marguerite Doyle, Nellie Blumm. Seniors: Martha Setter (Captain), Lillian Decter, May Kennedy, Nora Doyle, Ruth Galbraith, Doris Leaney, Dorothy Garrett, Blanche Gallagher, Mary Bone.

In the basketball series both our teams took the same place, second. The games were keenly contested and caused much excitement. The teams were: Juniors: Beverly Dunsmore, Jean Tedford, Olivia Breckman, Hilda Decter, Lillian Butler, Marguerite Doyle. Seniors: Lillian Decter, Doris Leaney, Ruth Galbraith, Nora Doyle, Lillian Small, Dorothy Garrett, Isabell Craig, Jean Campbell.

**SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM**

R. Galbraith, M. Kennedy, N. Doyle, M. Setter, D. Leancy, B. Gallagher, M. Bone, L. Deeter.

**JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM**

Marguerite Doyle, Hilda Doctor, Theresa Diner (Capt.), Doris Gafield, Mary Denefield,
Jean Tedford, Beverley Dunsmore, Nellie Bluman. Missing—Lillian Fairey.

SKATING

The Inter-High School skating was keenly contested by the three High Schools. Although our girls lost, we are proud of the plucky effort they put forth to win, and wish them better luck for next year. Those skating were: Beverly Dunsmore, Florence McRitchie, Alma McFetrich, Lillian Small.

**THE SKATING TEAM**

Beverley Dunsmore, Lillian Small, Isabel McDonald, Elma McFetridge.

**SPEED SKATING.**

B. Hampton, Watson McKinnon, George Bell.

DANIEL McINTYRE FIELD DAY

Our own field day caused a great deal of excitement in the school. The various events for girls included the shuttle races, one team from each room, consisting of twenty girls, and dashes. The successful teams were from rooms 49, 46, and 8, each room keeping the school pennant three months. The dashes were run off in heats, semi-finals and finals, the first three being picked as winners.

**JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM**

Left to right (standing)—Olavia Breckman, Hilda Deeter (Capt.), Marguerite Doyle, Lillian Butler.
(Sitting)—Beverley Dunsmore, Jean Tedford.

**SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM**

Left to right—Lillian Deeter (Capt.), Lillian Small, Jean Campbell, Doris Leaney,
Dorothy Garrett, Norah Doyle, Ruth Galbraith, Isabel Craig.
(Reading from left to right)

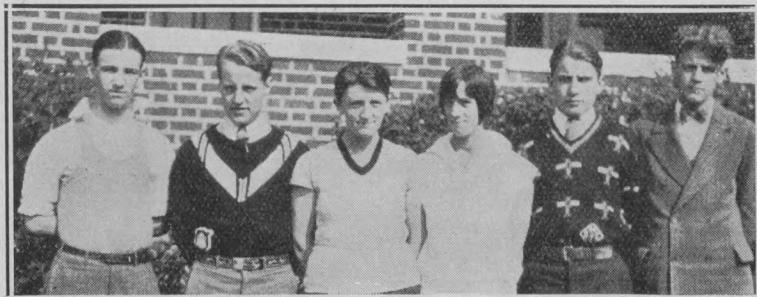
INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

This important event took place this year at River Park, keen competition being shown in each event. The Primaries were those under 5 feet 1 1/2 inches; Juniors, 5 feet 3 1/2 inches, and Seniors over that. Those representing us in the Primary dash were: Thora Olson, Jessie McGifford, Rose Booth and Marguerite McDonald. Thora Olson gained one point for D.M.C.I. Our Junior representatives were: Marguerite Ross, Grace Burns and Audrey Doggett; Marguerite Ross and Grace Burns gaining ten points between them in the Junior dashes. In the Seniors, Doris Carter, Nora Doyle and Annie Somers in the 60 yards, and in the 100 yards Doris Carter, Annie Somers and Sadie Braid. In these dashes five points were won altogether.

In the shuttles, as usual, our girls did their best, which was so good they succeeded in taking first place in each class, gaining nine points. The captains of the teams were: Primary, Thora Olson; Junior, Marguerite Ross; Senior, Doris Carter.

Lillian Deeter won three points for the school by winning the Senior ball throw. Hilda Deeter won two points and Myrtle Campbell one point in the Junior ball throw. In the Primary ball throw Kathleen McCaig and Jean Tedford gained three more points. Altogether the girls made a total of thirty-four points, but unless there had been somebody behind it all they could not have done so well. On behalf of all the girls taking part in Field Day, the captains of the shuttle teams have asked that I thank Miss Hickson and Miss Bucknam for all the time and effort taken up by the girls for practices, etc., which they gave so willingly and cheerfully.

—A.D., Room 61.



SWIMMING TEAM

Left to right—E. Hallatt, V. Leatherdale, G. Garrett, I. McDonald, R. Heide, D. Gustafson.

Annual Science Lesson

Mr. Smith—"Why does a stork stand on one leg?"

D. Yeddeau—"Why, if he lifted it he would fall down."

Mr. McC—"We will now start to name the lower orders of animal life, starting with Johnston and ending with Easterbrooke."



SENIOR TRACK TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Grace Taylor, Marion Gordon, Eugenie Wehrman, Catherine Saunders, Nora Doyle, Clara Bjornson, Bernice Geil, Doris Carter, Phyllis Bailey.
 Second Row—Aurora Dalmon, Isabel McDonald, Ella McInnis, Isabel McBean, Sadie Braid, Dorothy Garrett, Betty Anderson.
 Front Row—Norma McCorkell, Beth Carpenter, Nellie Sutton, Annie Somers, Edwina Eggertson, Jean Campbell, Lillian Decter.



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Margaret Aikens, Theodora Brandson, Patricia McCaughey, Margaret Doyle, Hilda Decter, Audrey Doggett, Grace Wheatley, Blanche Gallagher.
 Second Row—Helen Rindress, Fanny Kopeland, Myrtle Campbell, Pauline Johnson, Lillian Butler, Lillian Small, Grace Burns.
 Front Row—Doris Gaffield, Ruth Milne, Janet Scott, Ethel Tottle, Marguerite Ross, Beatrice Ludwickson, Beverley Dunsmore.

FIELD DAY

At last it happened! Kelvin won the track meet for the first time in ten years! Amid scenes of excitement that would rival the meets of old, Kelvin's colors were finally hoisted on the flag pole to stay.

It was the best field day that has been held in years, for back in the old River Park Stadium, and on a fine day, the setting was ideal.

It was the closest contest that has been staked for some time, for, judging by classes, all the schools were tied. The officials, however, reverted to aggregate scores, where Kelvin was fifteen points to the good. We were half a point behind St. John's for second place.

Kelvin deserved to win, for since March 15th, they have been training their men, and the results showed it, as they took four out of the six distance races.

The senior division was our strong point, Stone taking the sprints in unofficial record time, Penwarden coming through in the distances, and Cane holding us up in the field events.

Every man on the team did his utmost for old Collegiate, the cheer leaders dragging hoarse shouts from the rooters, and the runners giving their last ounce of strength in an attempt to win. One and all, rooters and runners are deserving of every congratulation for their heroic efforts.

It is becoming more and more evident each year that the team which trains the hardest will win, and we, without any indoor facilities, are bound to have a tough, uphill pull to win back the field day championship. Nevertheless, the only thing to do is fight hard. Hope for a meet in the fall, when we have an equal chance with the others.



PRIMARY TRACK TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Injeberg Hallson, Dorothy Young, Dora Sigurdson, Marguerite McDonald, Kethleen McCaig, Winnifred Simm, Bessie Lockey, Stella Askew, Jean Tedford.

Second Row—Olga Edwards, Olivia Breckman, Mary Denefield, Ina Osborne, Margaret Norrie, Thora Olson, Louise Jack.

Front Row—Rose Booth, Joyce Carter, Laura Ashley, Jessie McGifford, Elsie Martin, Nellie Blumm.

Absent—Esther Harding.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing (left to right)—D. Campbell, G. Cane, M. Sprung,
P. Haynes, B. Braunstein.
Kneeling—G. Peacock, R. Alexander (Capt.), F. McIntosh.

Flourishing Industries

Teacher—"What is Boston noted for?"

B. G.—"Boots and shoes."

Teacher—"Correct, and Chicago?"

B. G.—"Shoots and booze."

A MOTTO

September: He conquers who conquers himself.

June: To the stars through difficulties.

Crane Junior—"Your school never turns out a gentleman."

D.M.C.I. Hustler—"No, Daniel McIntyre allows a gentleman to go right on and graduate."



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UNIVERSITY SPORTS

Some time ago the editor of your magazine asked me to write a short resume of the University sports of the last year. Rugby, the first major sport, commenced September 4th and our first was against North Dakota, at Grand Forks. Unfortunately, the American style of playing did not suit us and we came back sadder but much wiser men.

In the Inter-Collegiate series for the first time in three years the Brown and Gold failed to take the major honors, losing the final game to Alberta. However, next year should tell the difference in the Inter-Collegiate Field Meet.

University of Manitoba lost the Cairns Trophy, which it had held for a number of years, to Alberta. However, in the basketball series, the team showed splendid form and annexed the coveted Rigby Trophy, going through the series without once being defeated.

The hockey team, composed partly of the same men who won the Allan Cup in seasons 1927-28, made a very fine showing, but were defeated by Port Arthur in the semi-finals.

It is interesting to note that three students (last year's room 51) won the Senior "M" on University teams, while another distinguished himself as one of our cheer leaders.

Those of you who go to University next year will be expected to try-out for the various teams. Do your best to keep up the fine reputation the D.M.C.I. has always had for sports and sportsmanship.

T. Crayston, 33.

Earnest effort for his school, a winning smile, gentlemanly conduct, and a becoming modesty (i.e., no "swelled head"), in spite of his spectacular successes, have won for Bill Kibblewhite a warm place in the affections of the school.

On committees, as a principal twice, in the "Pirates" and "Pinafore," and on the track he has demonstrated his personal abilities and his loyalty to D.M.C.I. It was on the track, however, where he reigned supreme.

This remarkable record speaks for itself: Winner of half mile and mile in Inter-High sports in 1925, 1926, and 1927; junior mile city champion, 1925; quarter mile junior champion snowshoer in 1927, 1928; holder of provincial three mile road race record, 1928; member of provincial track team at Canadian championships at Toronto in 1927, and again in Hamilton in 1928; member of Canadian Olympic team at Amsterdam, 1928; member of British Empire team against U.S.A. at Stamford Bridge, London, 1928.

Such an achievement by a high school boy is astonishing; we are proud of it, and of the one who made it.





Daughter—"He says he thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

Mother—"No, dear, let him keep on thinking so."

"Why don't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because I only buy from homely girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales."

The girl was not offender, and the man worked the gage at every booth.

They had started on vacation. "Oh, dear," suddenly exclaimed his wife, "I forgot to turn off the electric iron." "Nothing will burn," replied the husband, "I forgot to turn off the shower both."

Caller—"What a cosy little breakfast nook—and the wall is so artistically splatter-dashed."

Mrs. Mead—"Yes, this is where my George eats his grape-fruit."

Daughter—"Mother, do you want me to put the parrot on the back porch?"

Mother—"Positively no! Your father is repairing the car in the back yard."

Photographer—"Your son ordered these photographs from me."

Father—"They certainly are very much like him. Has he paid for them yet?"

Photographer—"No, sir."

Father—"That is still more like him."

"Father, will you give me ten cents for a poor man crying outside?"

"Yes, son. Here it is. What is he crying about?"

"He's crying fresh roasted peanuts, five cents a bag!"

SCHOOL SPIRIT COUNTS EVERY TIME!

This issue of the "Breezes" is the largest yet. This was made possible by the wonderful co-operation and enthusiasm shown by the students in putting over the sale of copies. On behalf of the staff I wish to thank you one and all.

C. A. Gibson, Circulation Manager.

AN APPRECIATION

The members of the Senior Council wish to express their appreciation and thanks to Miss K. Dowler and the Grade X J.H. for the delicious and entertaining luncheon served to them Thursday, April 30th, 1929.

—K.H.

VOTE OF THANKS

The members of the Junior Council wish to extend to Miss K. Dowler and Grade X J.H., a most hearty vote of thanks for the attractive luncheon served to them on Thursday, May 9th, 1929.

—E.J.

The Editors of the "Breezes" wish to extend their heartiest thanks to the members of the staff who have given so freely of their time and energy on behalf of the paper. We are also deeply grateful to the Commercial students who have been so kind in typing our copy for us.

In making purchases we ask readers of the "Breezes" to remember the merchants who have supported our paper.

Would it be amiss to suggest that in future years the Exchange Magazines be placed in the Library where everyone might read them, and realize what other schools are producing in this line? If this is done, we predict a greater interest in our own "Breezes." Greater interest is the forerunner of a greater "Breezes."

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